THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

LITANY FOR A SOUL DEPARTING.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"Lord, come to her assistance!"
From heaven's mysterious distance,
From Death's chill stream this sinking spirit save,
As by thy hand once Peter walked the wave.

"Grant her eternal light,"
To shine upon Death's night!
As shuddering meets the midnight of the tomb
That shuts her in, in solitude and gloom.

Oh, Angels! that this life,
With all its pain and strife,
Have watched, to mark its wanderings astray,
Then with slow-folded wings have turned away—

Come once again to meet,
With salutations sweet,
This faint, worn, trembling pilgrim at the door
Whose closing shuts her in forever more.

Oh, Saints! all pure and holy,
Receive this spirit lowly;
Whisper to her, as Christ hath said of such,
"Much is forgiven, for she hath *loved* much."

Her soul to offer up,
She took Life's poison cup,
Filled with the bitter gall of mortal malice,
Serenely draining to its dregs the chalice.

Oh, pure white lilies, fold
Your petals in her hold,
As when ye close them at the chill night air,
Or like her penitent pale hands in prayer.

Go with her, fading flowers,
From out this world of ours,—
Her grasp must soon loose faintly from our own,
With you sott-clasped she will go forth alone.

And though the angels greet her,
With smiles serener, sweeter,
Let ours go with her, to await their dawn,
As summer sunset almost meets the morn.

To Thee, Lord! have we cried;
Who shall Thy wrath abide,
If Thou, oh Lord! shalt mark iniquity?
Out of these depths, oh, hear us cry to Thee!

HARRIETTE F. BARBER.

THE INDIAN SCOUT.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD.

CHAPTER VII.

A DARK HISTORY (CONTINUED.)

"Ancient Mexico was traversed by canals, like Venice, or, to speak more correctly, like Dutch towns, for generally in all the streets there was a path between the canal and the houses. At the present day, when all the streets are paved, and the canals have disappeared, save in one quarter of the city, it is difficult to understand how Cervantes, in one of his novels, could compare Venice with Mexico; but if the canals are no longer visible, they still exist underground, and in certain low quarters, where they have been converted into drains, they manifest their presence by the fetid odors which they exhale, or by the heaps of filth and stagnant water.

"The sergeant, after so skillfully settling accounts with the hapless evangelista, crossed the Plaza, and entered the Calle de la Esterilla.

He walked for a long time along the streets with the same quiet step he had adopted on leaving the evangelista's stall. At length, after about twenty minutes' walk through deserted streets and gloomy lanes, whose miserable appearance became with every step more menacing, he stopped before a house of more than suspicious aspect, above the door of which a flaring candle burned behind an *retablo de las animas benditas;* the windows of the house were lit up, and on the azotea the watch-dogs were mournfully baying the moon. The sergeant tapped twice on the door of this sinister abode with his vine stick.

"It was a long time ere he was answered. The shouts and singing suddenly ceased in the inside; at length the soldier heard a heavy step approaching; the door was partly opened—for everywhere in Mexico an iron chain is put up at night—and a drunken voice said, harshly—

"'*Quien es?* (Who's there?)'

"'*Gente de paz,*' the sergeant answered.

"'Hum! it is very late to run about the *tuna* and enter the villalo,' the other remarked, apparently reflecting.

"'I do not wish to enter.'

"'Then what the deuce do you want?'

"'*Pun y sal per los Caballeros errantes,*'* the sergeant answered in a tone of authority, and placing himself so that the moonbeams should fall on his face.

"The man fell back, uttering an exclamation of surprise.

"'*Valga me Dios!* Senor Don Torribio?' he exclaimed, with an accent of profound respect; 'who could have recognized your Excellency under that wretched dress? Come in, come in! They are waiting impatiently for you.'

"And the man, who had become as obsequious as he had been insolent a few moments previously, hastened to undo the chain, and threw the door wide open.

"'It is unnecessary, Pepito,' the soldier continued, 'I repeat to you that I shall not come in. How many are there?'

"'Twenty, Excellency.'

"'Armed?'

"'Completely.'

"'Let them come down directly. I will wait for them here. Go, my son, time presses.'

"'And you? Excellency.'

"'You will bring me a hat, an esclavina, my sword and pistols. Come, make haste!'

"Pepito did not let the order be repeated. Leaving the door open, he ran off. A few minutes after, some twenty bandits, armed to the teeth, rushed into the street, jostling one another. On coming up to the soldier, they saluted respectfully, and, at a sign from him, remained motionless and silent.

"Pepito had brought the articles demanded by the man, whom the evangelista called Don Annibal, himself Don Torribio, and who, probably, had several other names, although we will keep temporarily to the latter.

"'Are the horses ready?' Don Torribio asked, as he concealed his uniform under the esclavina, and placed in his girdle a long rapier and a pair of double-barrelled pistols.

"'Yes, Excellency,' Pepito answered, hat in hand.

"'Good, my son. You will bring them to the spot I told you: but as it is forbidden to go about the streets on horseback by night, you must pay attention to the celadores and senoras.'

"All the bandits burst into a laugh at this singular recommendation.

"'There,' Don Torribio continued, as he put on a broad-brimmed hat, which Pepito had brought him with the other things, 'that is all right; we can now start. Listen to me attentively, Caballeros.'

"The leperos and other scoundrels who composed the audience, flattered by being treated as caballeros, drew nearer to Don Torribio, in order to hear his instructions. The latter continued—

"'Twenty men marching, in a troop, through the streets of the city would, doubtless arouse the susceptibility and suspicions of the police agents; we must employ the greatest prudence, and, above all, the utmost secrecy, in order to succeed in the expedition for which I have collected you. You will, therefore, separate, and go one by one under the walls of the convent of the Bernardines; on arriving there, you will conceal yourselves as well as you can, and not stir without my orders. Above all, no disputes, no quarrelling. You have understood me clearly?'

"'Yes, Excellency,' the bandits answered, unanimously.

"'Very good. Be off, then, for you must reach the convent in a quarter of an hour.'

"The bandits dispersed in every direction with the rapidity of a flock of buzzards. Two minutes later they had disappeared round the corners of the nearest streets. Pepito alone remained.

"'And I?' he respectfully asked Don Torribio. 'Do you not wish, Excellency, for me to accompany you? I should be very bored if I remained here alone.'

"'I should be glad enough to take you with; me; but who would get the horses ready if you went with me?'

"'That is true. I did not think of it.'

"'But do not be alarmed, Muchacho, if I succeed, as I hope, you shall soon come with me.'

"Pepito, completely reassured by this promise, bowed respectfully to the mysterious man, who seemed to be his chief, and reentered his house, carefully closing the door after him.

"Don Torribio, when left alone, remained for several seconds plunged in deep thought. At length he raised his head, drew his hat over his eyes, carefully wrapped himself in his esclavina, and walked off hurriedly, muttering—

"'Shall I succeed?'

"A question which no one, not even himself, could have answered.

"The convent of the Bernardines stands in one of the handsomest quarters of Mexico, not far from the Paseo de Bernardo, the fashionable promenade. It is a vast edifice, built entirely of hewn stone, which dates from the rebuilding of the city after the conquest, and was founded by Ferdinand Cortez himself. Its general appearance is imposing and majestic, like all Spanish convents; it is almost a small city within a large one, for it contains all that can be agreeable and useful for life—a church, an hospital, a laundry, a large kitchen garden, and a well laid out flower garden, which offers pleasant shade, reserved for the exercise of the nuns. There are wide cloisters, decorated with grand pictures by good masters, representing scenes in the life of the Virgin and of St. Bernard, to whom the convent is dedicated; these cloisters, bordered by circular galleries, out of which the cells of the nuns open, enclose sandy courts, adorned with pieces of water, in which fountains refresh the air at the burning mid-day hour. The cells are charming retreats, in which nothing that can promote comfort is wanting—a bed; two butacecas, covered with prepared Cordovan leather; a *prie Dieu;* a small toilet table, in the drawer of which you are sure to find a looking-glass, and several holy pictures, occupy the principal space. In a corner of the room may be seen, between a guitar and a scourge, a statue of the Virgin, of wood or alabaster, wearing a coronal of white roses, before which a lamp is continually burning. Such is the furniture which, with but few exceptions, you are certain to find in the nuns' cells.

"The convent of the Bernardines contained, at the period when our story is laid, one hundred and fifty nuns, and about sixty novices. In this country of toleration, it is rare to see *nuns* cloistered. The sisters can go into town, pay and receive visits; the regulations are extremely mild, and, with the exception of the offices, at which they are bound to be present with great punctuality, the nuns, when they have entered their cells, are almost at liberty to do as they please, nobody taking the trouble, or seeming to do so, of watching them.

"We have described the convent cells, which are all alike; but that of the Mother Superior merits a particular description. Nothing could be more luxurious, religious, and yet more worldly, than its general appearance. It was an immense square room, with large Gothic windows, with small panes set in lead, upon which sacred subjects were painted with admirable finish and an admirable touch. The walls were covered with long, stamped, and gilded hangings of Cordovan leather, while valuable pictures, representing the principal events in the life of the patron saint of the convent, were arranged with that symmetry and taste only to be met with in people belonging to the Church. Between the pictures hung a magnificent Virgin, by Raphael, before which was an altar. A silver lamp, full of perfumed oil, hung from the ceiling, and burnt night and day before the altar, which thick damask curtains hid, when thought proper. The furniture consisted of a large Chinese screen, concealing the couch of the abbess—a simple frame of carved oak, surrounded by white gauze musquito curtains. A square table, also of oak, on which were a few books and a desk occupied the centre of the room; in a corner a vast library, containing books on religious subjects, and displaying the rich bindings of rare and precious works through the glass doors, a few butaccas and chairs, with twisted feet, were arranged against the wall. Lastly, a silver brazier filled with olive kernels, stood opposite a superb coffer, the chasing of which was a masterpiece of the Renaissance.

"During the day, the light, filtered through the colored glass, spread but a gentle and mystic radiance around, which caused the visitor to experience a feeling of respect and devotion, by giving this vast apartment a stern and almost mournful aspect.

"At the moment when we introduce the reader into this cell, that is to say, a few moments prior to the scene we have just described, the abbess was seated in a large straight-backed easy chair, which was surmounted by an abbatial crown, while the cushion of gilt leather was adorned with a double fringe of silk and gold.

"The abbess was a little, plump woman, of about sixty years of age, whose features would have appeared unmeaning, had it not been for the bright and piercing glance that shot, like a jet of lava, from her gray eyes, when a violent emotion agitated her. She held in her hand an open book, and seemed plunged in profound meditation.

"The door of the cell opened gently, and a girl, dressed in a novice's robe, advanced timidly, scarce grazing the floor with her light and hesitating foot. She stopped in front of the easy chair, and waited silently till the abbess raised her eyes to her.

"'Ah! it is you, my child,' the Mother Superior at length said, noticing the novice's presence; 'come hither.'

"The latter advanced a few paces nearer.

"'Why did you go out this morning without asking my permission?'

"On hearing these words, which the maiden, however, must have expected, she turned pale, and stammered a few unintelligible words.

"The abbess continued, in a stern voice—

"'Take care, Nina! although you are still a novice, and will not take the veil for several months, like all your companions, you are under my authority—mine, alone!'

"These words were spoken with an intonation which made the maiden tremble.

"'Holy mother!' she murmured.

"'You were the intimate friend, almost the sister, of that young fool whom her resistance to our sovereign will snapped asunder like a reed, and who died this morning!'

"'Do you really believe that she is dead, mother?' the girl answered, timidly, and in a voice interrupted by grief.

"'Who doubts it?' the abbess exclaimed, violently, as she half rose in her chair, and fixed a viper's glance on the poor child.

"'No one, madam, no one,' she said, falling back with terror.

"'Were you not, like the other members of the community,' the abbess continued, with a terrible accent, 'present at her funeral? Did you not hear the prayers uttered over her coffin?'

"'It is true, my mother.'

"'Did you not see her body lowered into the convent vaults, and the tombstone laid over it, which the angel of divine justice can alone raise at the day of judgment? Say, were you not present at this sad and terrible ceremony? Would you dare to assert that this did not take place, and that the wretched creature still lives, whom God suddenly snatched in his wrath, that she might serve as a warning to those whom Satan impels to revolt?'

"'Pardon, holy mother, pardon! I saw what you say. I was present at Donna Laura's interment. Alas! doubt is no longer possible; she is really dead.'

"While uttering the last words, the maiden could not restrain her tears, which flowed copiously. The abbess surveyed her with a suspicious air.

"'It is well,' she said; 'you can retire; but I repeat to you, take care; I know that a spirit of revolt has seized on your heart as well, and I shall watch you.'

"The maiden bowed humbly to the Mother Superior, and moved as if to obey the order she had received.

"At this moment a terrible disturbance was heard. Cries of terror and threats re-echoed in the corridor, and the hurried steps of a tumultuous crowd could be heard rapidly approaching.

"'What is the meaning of this?' the abbess asked with terror; 'what is this noise?'

"She rose in agitation, and walked with tottering step toward the door of the cell, on which repeated blows were being struck.

"'Oh, heavens!' the novice murmured, as she turned a supplicant glance toward the statue of the Virgin, which seemed to smile on her; 'have our liberators at length arrived?'

"We will return to Don Torribio, whom we left waking with his companions toward the convent.

"As had been arranged between himself and his accomplices, the young man found all the land collected under the convent walls. Along the streets the bandits, not to be disturbed by the sereno, had tied and gagged them and carried them off, as they met them, separately. Thanks to this skillful manœuvre, they reached their destination without hindrance. Twelve serenos were captured in this way; and, on reaching the convent, Don Torribio gave orders for them to be laid one atop of the other, at the foot of the wall.

"Then, drawing from his pocket a velvet mask, he covered his face with it (a precaution imitated by his comrades,) and, approaching a wretched hut which stood a short distance off, he store in the door with his shoulder. The owner rose up, frightened and half-dressed, to inquire the meaning of this unusual mode of rapping at his door; but the poor fellow fell back with a cry of terror on perceiving the masked men assembled before his door. Don Torribio, being in a hurry, commenced the conversation by going straight to the subject-matter:—

"'*Buenas noches,* Tio Salado. I am delighted to see you in good health,' he said to him.

"The other answered, not knowing exactly what he said,—

"'I thank you, Caballero. You are too kind.'

"'Make haste! get your cloak, and come with us.'

"'I?' Salado said, with a start of terror.

"'Yourself.'

"'But how can I be of service to you?'

"'I will tell you. I know that you are highly respected at the convent of the Bernardines—in the first place as a pulquero; and, secondly, as *hombre de bien y religoso.*'

"'Oh! oh! to a certain extent,' the pulquero answered, evasively.

"'No false modesty. I know you have the power to get the gates of that house opened when you please; it is for that reason I invite you to accompany us.'

"'*Maria purissima!* What are you thinking of, Caballero?' the poor fellow exclaimed, with terror.

"'No remarks! Make haste! or, by Neustra Senora del Carmen, I will burn your rookery.'

"A hollow groan issued from Salado's chest; but, after taking one despairing glance at the black masks that surrounded him, he prepared to obey. From the pulqueria to the convent was only a few paces—they were soon passed, and Don Torribio turned to his prisoner, who was more dead than alive.

"'There *compadre,*' he said distinctly, 'we have arrived. It is now your place to get the door opened for us.'

"'In heaven's name,' the pulquero exclaimed, making one last effort at resistance, 'how do you expect me to set about it? You forget that I have no means—'

"'Listen,' Don Torribio said, imperiously, 'you understand that I have no time for discussion. You will either introduce us into the convent, and this purse, which contains fifty ounces, is yours; or you refuse, and in that case,' he added, coldly, as he drew a pistol from his girdle, 'I blow out your brains with this.'

"A cold perspiration bedewed the pulquero's temples. He was too well acquainted with the bandits of his country to insult them for a moment by doubting their words.

"'Well!' the other asked, as he cocked the pistol, 'have you reflected?'

"'*Caspita,* Caballero! Do not play with that thing. I will try.'

"'Here is the purse, to sharpen your wits,' Don Torribio said.

"The pulquero clutched it with a movement of joy, any idea of which it is impossible to give; then he walked slowly towards the convent gate, while cudgelling his brains for some way in which to earn the sum he had received, without running any risk—a problem, we confess, of which it was not easy to find the solution."

CHAPTER VIII.

A DARK HISTORY (CONCLUDED.)

"The pulquero at length decided on obedience. Suddenly a luminous thought crossed his brain, and it was with a smile on his lips that he lifted the knocker. At the moment he was going to let it fall, Don Torribio caught his arm.

"'What is the matter?' Salado asked.

"'Eleven o'clock struck long ago; everybody must be asleep in the convent, so perhaps it would be better to try another plan.'

"'You are mistaken, Caballero,' the pulquero answered; 'the portress is awake.'

"'Are you sure of it?'

"'Caramba!' the other answered, who had formed his plan, and was afraid he would be obliged to return the money, if his employe changed his mind. "The convent of the Bernardines is open day and night to persons who come for medicines. Leave me to manage it.'

"'Go on, then,' the chief of the band said, letting loose his arm.

THE PULQUERO WOULD RATHER DECLINE DON TORRIBIO'S PROPOSITION.

* Literally, "Bread and salt for the knight-errants."

"Salado did not allow the permission to be repeated, through fear of a fresh objection, and, he hastened to let go the knocker, which resounded on a copper bolt. Don Torribio and his companions were crouching under the wall.

"In a moment the trap-door was pushed back, and the wrinkled face of the portress appeared.

"'Who are you, my brother?' she asked, in a peevish, sleepy voice. 'Why do you come at this late hour to tap at the gates of the convent?'

"'*Ave Maria purissima!*' Salado said, in his most nasal tone.

"'*Sin pecado concebida*, my brother,—are you ill?'

"'I am a poor sinner you know, sister; my soul is plunged in affliction.'

"'Who are you, brother?' I really believe that I can recognize your voice; but the night is so dark, that I am unable to distinguish your features.'

"'And I sincerely trust you will not see them,' Salado said, mentally; then added, in a louder voice, 'I am Senor Templado, and keep a locanda in the Calle Plateros.'

"'Ah! I remember you now, brother.'

"'I fancy that is biting,' the pulquero muttered.

"'What do you desire, brother? Make haste to tell me, in the most holy name of your Saviour?' she said, crossing herself devotedly—a movement imitated by Salado; 'for the air is very cold, and I must continue my orisons, which you have interrupted.'

"'*Valgo mi Dios!* sister; my wife and two children are ill; the Reverend Pater Guardian, of the Franciscans, urged me to come and ask you for three bottles of your miraculous water.'

"We will observe, parenthetically, that every convent manufactures, in Mexico, a so-called miraculous water, the receipt of which is carefully kept secret; this water, we were told, cures all maladies—a miracle which we were never in a position to test, for our part. We need hardly say, that this universal panacea is sold at a very high rate, and produces the best part of the community's revenue.

"'Maria!' the old woman exclaimed, her eyes sparkling with joy at the pulquero's large order. 'Three bottles!'

"'Yes, sister. I will also ask your permission to rest myself a little; for I have come so quick, and the emotion produced by the illness of my wife and children has so crushed me, that I find it difficult to keep on my legs.'

"'Poor man!' the portress said, with pity.

"'Oh! it would really be an act of charity, my sister.'

"'Senor Templado, please look around you, to make sure there is no one in the street. We live in such wicked times, that a body cannot take enough precautions.'

"'There is no one, my sister,' the pulquero answered, making the bandits a sign to get ready.

"'Then I will open.'

"'Heaven will reward you, my sister.'

"'Amen!' she said, piously.

"The noise of a key turned in a lock could be heard, then the rumbling of bolts, and the door opened.

"'Come in quickly, brother,' the nun said.

"But Salado had prudently withdrawn, and yielded his place to Don Torribio. The latter rushed at the portress, not giving her time to look round, seized her by the throat, and squeezed her windpipe as if his hand were a vice.

"'One word, sorceress,' he said to her, 'and I will kill you!'

"Terrified by this sudden attack from a man whose face was covered by a black mask, the old woman fell back senseless.

"'Devil take the old witch!' Don Torribio exclaimed passionately. 'Who will guide us now?'

"He tried to restore the portress to her senses; but soon perceiving that he should not succeed, he made a sign to two of his men, to tie and gag her securely; then, after recommending them to stand sentry at the door, he seized the bunch of keys entrusted to the nun, and began, followed by his comrades, to find his way into the building inhabited by the sisters. It was not an easy thing to discover, in this immense Thebaid, the cell occupied by the abbess; for it was that lady alone whom Don Torribio wanted.

"Now, to converse with the Abbess, she must first be found, and it was this that embarrassed the bandits, though masters of the place they had seized by stratagem. At the moment, however, when they began to lose all hopes, an incident, produced by their inopportune presence, came to their aid.

"The bandits had spread, like a torrent that had burst its dykes, through the courts and cloisters, not troubling themselves in the least as to the consequences their invasion might have for the convent; and, shouting and cursing like demons, they appeared to wish to leave no nook, however secret it might be, unvisited; but it is true that, in acting thus, they only obeyed the orders of their chief.

"The nuns, accustomed to calmness and silence, were soon aroused by this disturbance, which they, for a moment, believed occasioned by an earthquake; they rushed hurriedly from their beds, and, only half dressed, went, like a flock of frightened doves, to seek shelter in the cell of the Abbess.

"The Mother Superior, sharing the error of her nuns, had succeeded in opening her door; and, collecting her flock around her, she walked toward the spot whence the noise came, leaning majestically on her abbatical cross.

"Suddenly she perceived a band of masked demons, yelling, howling, and brandishing weapons of every description. But, before she could utter a cry, Don Torribio rushed toward her.

"'No noise!' he said. 'We do not wish to do you any harm; we have come, on the contrary, to repair that which you have done.'

"Dumb with terror at the sight of so many masked men, the women stood as if petrified.

"'What do you want of me?' the Mother Superior stammered, in a trembling voice.

"'You shall know,' the Chief answered; and, turning to one of his men, he said, 'the sulphur matches.'

"A bandit silently gave him what he asked for.

"'Now listen to me attentively, Senora. Yesterday, a novice belonging to your convent, who some days back refused to take the veil died suddenly.'

"The Abbess looked around her, with a commanding air, and then addressed the man who was speaking to her.

"'I do not know what you mean,' she replied, boldly.

"'Very good! I expected that answer. I will go on; this novice, scarcely sixteen years of age, was Dona Laura de Acevedo del Real del Monte, she belonged to one of the first families in the Republic. This morning, her obsequies were performed, with all the ceremony employed on such occasions, in the church of this convent; her body was then lowered, with great pomp, into the vaults reserved for the burial of the nuns.'

"He stopped, and fixed on the Mother Superior eyes that flashed through his mask like lightning.

"'I repeat to you that I do not know what you mean,' she replied, coldly.

"'Ah, very good! Then listen to this, senora, and profit by it; for you have fallen. I swear it, into the hands of men who will show you no mercy, and will be moved neither by your tears nor your airs of grace, if you compel them to proceed to extremities.'

"'You can do as you please,' the Mother Superior answered, still perfectly collected, 'I am in your hands. I know that for the moment, at least, I have no help to expect from any one; but Heaven will give me strength to suffer martyrdom.'

"'Madam,' Don Torribio said, with a grin, 'you are blaspheming, you are wittingly committing a deadly sin; but no matter, that is your business; this is mine. You will at once point out to me the entrance of the vault, and the spot where Dona Laura is reposing. I have sworn to carry off her body from here, no matter at what cost. I will fulfil my oath, whatever may happen. If you consent to what I ask, my companions and myself will retire, taking with us the body of the poor deceased; but not touching a pin of the immense riches the convent contains.'

"'And if I refuse?' she said, angrily.

"'If you refuse,' he replied, laying a stress on each word, as if he wished the lady addressed fully to understand them, 'the convent will be sacked, these timid doves will become the prey of the demon. And I will apply to you a certain torture, which I do not doubt will loosen your tongue.'

"The abbess smiled contemptuously.

"'Begin with me,' she said.

"'That is my intention. Come,' he added, in a rough voice, 'to work.'

"Two men stepped forward, and seized the Mother Superior; but she made no attempt to defend herself. She remained motionless, seemingly apathetic; still an almost imperceptible contraction of her eyebrows evidenced the internal emotion she endured.

"'Is that your last word, senora?' Don Torribio inquired.

"'Do your duty, villains!' she replied, with disdain. 'Try to conquer the will of an old woman.'

"'We are going to do so. Begin!' he ordered.

"The two bandits prepared to obey their chief.

"'Stay, in Heaven's name!' a maiden exclaimed, as she rushed bravely before the Mother Superior, and repulsed the bandits.

"It was the novice with whom the abbess was speaking at the moment the convent was invaded. There was a moment of breathless hesitation.

"'Be silent, I command you!' the abbess shrieked. 'Let me suffer. God sees us!'

"'It is because He sees us that I will speak,' the maiden answered, peremptorily; 'it is He who has sent these men. I do not know, to prevent a great crime. Follow me, Caballeros; you have not a moment to lose; I will lead you to the vaults.'

"'Wretch!' the abbess cried, writhing furiously in the hands of the men who held her. 'Wretch! my wrath will fall on you.'

"'I know it,' the maiden responded, sadly; 'but no personal consideration will prevent my accomplishing a sacred duty.'

"'Gag that old wretch. We must finish our work,' the Chief commanded.

"The order was immediately executed. In spite of her desperate resistance, the Mother Superior was reduced to a state of impotence in a few moments.

"'One of you will guard her,' Don Torribio continued, 'and at the least suspicious sign blow out her brains.' Then, changing his tone, he addressed the novice, 'A thousand thanks, senorita! complete what you have so well begun, and guide us to these terrible vaults.'

"'Come, Caballeros,' she answered, placing herself at their head.

"The bandits, who had suddenly become quiet, following her in silence, with marks of the most profound respect. At a peremptory order from Don Torribio, the nuns, now reassured, had dispersed and returned to their cells.

"While crossing the corridor, Don Torribio went up to the girl, and whispered in her ear two or three words, which made her start.

"'Fear nothing,' he added. 'I but wished to prove to you that I knew all. I only desire, senorita, to be your most respectful and devoted friend.'

"The maiden sighed; but made no reply.

"'What will become of you afterwards? Alone in this convent, exposed defenceless to the hatred of this fury, who regards nothing as sacred, you will soon take the place of her we are about to deliver. Is it not better to follow her?'

"'Alas, poor Laura!' she muttered, hoarsely.

"'Will you, who have done so much for her up to the present, abandon her at this supreme moment, when your assistance and support will become more than ever necessary to her? Are you not her foster-sister? her dearest friend? What prevents? You! an orphan from your earliest youth, all your affections are concentrated on Laura. Answer me, Dona Luisa, I conjure you!'

"The maiden gave a start of surprise, almost of terror.

"'You know me!' she said.

"'Have I not already said that I knew all. Come, my child, if not for your own sake, then for hers. Do not compel me to leave you here in the hands of terrible enemies, who will inflict frightful tortures on you.'

"'You wish it?' she stammered, sadly.

"'She begs you by my lips.'

"'Well, be it so; the sacrifice shall be complete. I will follow you, though I know not whether, in doing so, I am acting rightly or wrongly; but, although I do not know you, although a mask conceals your features, I have faith in your words. You seem to have a noble heart, and may heaven grant that I am not committing an error.'

"'It is the God of goodness and mercy who inspires you with this resolution, poor child.'

"Dona Luisa let her head sink on her breast as she breathed a sigh that resembled a sob.

"They went onwards, side by side, without exchanging another word. The party had left the cloisters, and were now crossing some unfinished buildings, which did not seem to have been inhabited for many a long year.

"'Where are you leading us, then, Nina?' Don Torribio asked. 'I fancied that in this convent, as in others, the vaults were under the chapel.'

"The maiden smiled sadly.

"'I am not leading you to the vaults,' she answered, in a trembling voice.

"'Where to, then?'

"'To the *in pace*.'

"Don Torribio stifled an angry oath.

"'Oh!' he muttered.

"The coffin that was lowered into the vaults this morning in the sight of all,' Dona Luisa continued, 'really contained the body of my poor Laura; it was impossible to do otherwise, owing to the custom which demands that the dead should be buried in their clothes, and with uncovered faces; but so soon as the crowd had departed, and the doors of the chapel were closed on the congregation, the Mother Superior had the tombstone removed again, the body brought up, and transferred to the deepest *in pace* of the convent. But here we are, she said, as she stopped and pointed to a large stone in the paved floor of the apartment in which they were.

"The scene had something mournful and striking about it. In the deserted apartment, the masked men were grouped around the maiden dressed in white, and only illumined by the ruddy glare of the torches they waved, bore a strange likeness to those mysterious judges, who in old times met in ruins to try kings and emperors.

"'Raise the stone,' Don Torribio said, in a hollow voice.

"After a few efforts the stone was raised, leaving open a dark gulf, from which poured a blast of hot and fetid air. Don Torribio took a torch, and bent over the orifice.

"'Why,' he said, at the expiration of a moment, 'this vault is deserted.'

"'Yes,' Dona Luisa answered, simply, 'she, whom you seek, is lower.'

"'What! lower?' he cried, with a movement of terror, which he could not control.

"'That vault is not deep enough; an accident might cause a discovery; shrieks could be heard from outside. There are two other vaults like this built above each other. When, through any reason, the abbess has resolved on the disappearance of a nun, and that she shall be cut off for ever from the number of the living, the victim is let down into the last cave, called *Hell!* There all noise dies away; every sob remains unechoed; every complaint is vain. Oh! the Inquisition managed matters well; and it is so short a time since its rule ended in Mexico, that some of its customs have been maintained in the convents. Seek lower, Caballero, seek lower!'

"Don Torribio, at these words, felt a cold perspiration beading at the roots of his hair. He believed himself a prey to a horrible nightmare. Making a supreme effort to subdue the emotion that overpowered him, he went down into the vault by means of a light ladder leading against one of the walls, and several of his comrades followed him. After some searching, they discovered a stone like the first. Don Torribio plunged a torch into the gulf.

"'Empty!' he exclaimed, in horror.

"'Lower, I tell you! Look lower,' Dona Luisa cried, in a gloomy voice, who had remained on the edge of the topmost vault.

"'What had this adorable creature done to them to endure such martyrdom?' Don Torribio exclaimed, in his despair.

"'Avarice and hatred are two terrible counsellors,' the maiden answered, 'but make haste! make haste! every moment that passes is an age for her who is waiting.'

"Don Torribio, a prey to incredible fury, began seeking the last vault. After a few moments, his exertions were crowned with success. The stone was scarce lifted, ere, paying no attention to the mephitic air which rushed from the opening and almost extinguished his torch, he bent over.

"'I see her! I see her!' he said, with a cry more resembling a howl than a human voice.

"And, waiting no longer, without even calculating the height, he leaped into the vault. A few moments later he returned to the hall, bearing in his arms Dona Laura's inanimate body.

"'Away, friends, away!' he exclaimed, addressing his companions; 'let us not stay an instant longer in this den of wild beasts with human faces!'

"At a sign from him, Dona Luisa was lifted in the arms of a sturdy lepero, and all ran off in the direction of the cloisters. They soon reached the cell of the Mother Superior. On seeing them the abbess made a violent effort to break her bonds, and writhed impotently like a tiger, while flashing, at the men who had foiled her hideous projects, glances full of hatred and rage.

"'Wretch!' Don Torribio shouted, as he passed near her, and disdainfully spurned her with his foot; 'he accursed! your chastisement commences, for your victim escapes you.'

"By one of those efforts which only hatred which has reached its paroxysm can render possible, the abbess succeeded in removing her gag slightly.

"'Perhaps!' she yelled, in a voice which sounded like a knell in Don Torribio's ears.

"Overcome by this great effort, she fainted.

"Five minutes after, there was no one in the convent beyond its usual inmates."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1861.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

OF ALL THINGS DO NOT FORGET THIS.—Of all things we hope our friends will not forget the new year—and that there are many thousands of people whom a paper like THE POST would exactly suit. Our new PREMIUM MAP will recompense any one for the trouble of getting up a small club for us, among acquaintances to whom THE POST has never gone. If every old subscriber would get us even a small club of four new ones, it would probably make the sun of 1862 shine very brightly to us.

TO THOSE GETTING UP CLUBS.

As it is a very great convenience to us to have the names of subscribers who wish to begin with the new year sent in as early as possible, we would recommend that those engaged in getting up clubs should send them on in time to reach us by the first of the year, even in cases where the lists are not full.

Sufficient money to pay for the number sent, at the club rate, must always accompany the names.

The balance of the names and of the money should be sent on as soon as possible.

In this way we shall be able to make up our books early, and those who have given in their names on clubs will not be compelled to wait for their papers until the whole list is completed—which often is a work of considerable time, and trying to the patience of the early subscribers. ks

THE CASE OF THE TRENT.

As we expected, the news of the seizure of Mason and Slidell has caused an immense sensation in England. John Bull—who is not very unlike Brother Jonathan in that respect—does not precisely see the policy and necessity of being bound in all cases by his own doctrines and precedents. When we refer him to his own legal decisions and high-handed proceedings towards neutrals, he feels a little the same as we should do if any foreign power were to act towards us as we acted towards Mexico in the Texas business, and then refer us to that case as a sufficient justification of its conduct.

"He is a spunky fellow—he gives the lie, but he will not take it," was the comment of a spectator on a knock-down affair in one of our Philadelphia hotels. And it is the way of proud and powerful nations the world over; they are perpetually doing and saying that which they will not bear from others in return.

And yet the law officers of the British crown evidently have been rather put to it in dishing up this Trent case so as to bear the aspect of a terrible offence. Were the matter not so serious, one could almost laugh at the legal technicality which they bring forward to prove the righteousness of their indignation. The *London Times* says:—

The depositions of the officers of the Trent have been submitted to the law officers of the Crown, and their opinion has been given that the proceedings of the American frigate are not justified by the law of nations. It is, we understand, the opinion of these jurists that the right of the Federal government, acting by its officers, was confined to the visiting and the searching of the mail packet; that, if any men or things believed to be contraband of war had been found on board of her, the proper course was to take her into port and submit the question to the prize-courts, which would hear evidence and argument on both sides, and would have decided the case according to precedent and authorities. The *Times* observes that this proposition seems so clear that it requires only to be stated to obtain universal assent.

Now we suppose there is little doubt that the above would have been a strictly legal and technical course. But why was it not done? Simply from the desire of Captain Wilkes to give as little offence to Great Britain as possible. The steamer might perhaps have been legally subject to confiscation, but it would have involved an interference with the mail, and with the innocent parties on board, and as a measure of courtesy, not to say magnanimity, the steamer herself was not interfered with.

But now we are told, to use General Scott's vigorous phrase, that "the offence would have been less if it had been greater."

Who believes that if Captain Wilkes had done exactly what the law officers of the Crown say he ought to have done, that they would have said he did right, or that the popular outcry in England would have been a particle less violent?

For our own part, while we agree with the generality of our countrymen that Capt. Wilkes's act appears to be sustained by the Law of Nations,—especially as that law is laid down by English authorities—we should not be in the least displeased to see the Law of Nations amended in this and other respects, in conformity with the invariable foreign policy of the United States up to this period. It has always been the American policy to favor the confinement of the insulting right of search, and the provoking interference of belligerents with neutral powers, to the smallest possible limits—and we think this should continue to be the American policy. In the end we shall gain, and not lose by it—and it is, besides, the policy most favorable to the great interests of Peace, Civilization, and Christianity.

To imagine a war between Great Britain and the United States as a result of the present difficulty, is to imagine that at least one of the nations has lost its senses—and perhaps both. In the first place, there is nothing to fight about—nothing to be gained at all commensurate to the immense losses which would be incurred on both sides.

There are several ways in which the matter could be amicably settled. One mode is by arbitration. Leave the decision of what the Law of Nations really says in this respect, to any of the Nations of Europe—it does not matter which. Let the decision be either way, and it is a gain. If for us, we gain in the immediate question; if against us, we gain in the establishment of another barrier to the insulting Right of Search, another widening of the Freedom of the Seas, so long narrowed by the overwhelming naval supremacy of Great Britain.

Another mode of settling the dispute would be, to return the Southern Commissioners to the Trent, then seize the Trent, and bring it into an American port for the decision of a prize court, in the precise manner which the law officers of the Crown say ought to have been pursued. This offer might be made, though we should think the offer of arbitration would be more satisfactory to both parties.

Of course, if Great Britain means to have war—merely uses this Trent difficulty as a pretext—it will be almost impossible to prevent a resort to arms. But we cannot believe this. When her demands upon this government are made public, then we shall all be able to see what the real feelings and policy of her government are.

As to our own government, with its hands already full with the rebellion, there can hardly be any doubt of its warm desire for peace with all the European powers. That any large and influential portion of the English people should honestly believe that we have been trying for some months past to pick a quarrel with them, seems to us somewhat incomprehensible. We have little to gain, we have a great deal to lose, by such a wanton and indiscreet course. If this belief should be honestly held by the present ministry of England, we have no doubt that the proper means will be taken by President Lincoln to remove it as speedily as possible. The burdens of the present contest upon the great agricultural and mercantile interests of the country, are too heavy to allow us foolishly to drift into another contest, not called for by any great object or principle, and which would increase those burdens threefold, while greatly lessening our ability to bear them.

A VISIT TO WASHINGTON.

In company with a party of our friends, last week, we visited Washington. We did not go for an office or a contract—this is a statement imperatively necessary to be made, for to be seen at Washington now-a-days, is presumptive evidence of your having some "axe to grind." Not that we should be opposed to receiving a good fat office or contract—for we fear often we are growing too radical, too impatient at the slow progress of the war; and there is nothing better calculated to correct these errors than an office or contract worth from five thousand to ten thousand dollars a year. Such sums make men conservative, tolerant, easily satisfied with the inaction of our generals, and willing that the war should last a generation or two.

But we are digressing. We visited Washington, and can scarcely begin to tell all we saw there. We crossed the Potomac, and did two days' pretty hard riding inside the lines of our army—from the outposts of the Pennsylvania Reserves, at Lewinsville on the north, to Alexandria and Cloud's Mills on the south.

The soldiers look in very good condition, the majority probably are heartier and stronger than ever before in their lives—Those with whom we talked—officers and men, without a single exception—expressed themselves very well satisfied with their condition. The weather while we were there was very fine, and perhaps, therefore, we saw them under the most favorable circumstances. The feeling of the troops generally was, as is natural, in favor of action—but there was an almost universal confidence in Gen. McClellan.

Arlington House, which we visited, is a large, old mansion, which looks as if it had not been painted since the original coats were put on. No moderately wealthy Northern man would live in such a shabby affair. The evidences of neglect and decay—the ravages of time and not of war—were to be seen both within and without the shabby-genteel mansion.

On the road from the Chain Bridge—which is not a *Chain* bridge—at Georgetown, to Lewinsville, the fences on both sides of the road have disappeared, being used for fire-wood, &c. Riding along, the whole party were struck with the superior appearance of the land belonging to one of the farmers, and the question broke from several, "What does that mean, why does that farm look so much better than its neighbors?" "A Northern farmer lives there," replied a Major of a Pennsylvania regiment, who was riding with us.

Notwithstanding the general carrying off of fences, the same gentleman informed us that there were three farms in that vicinity from which not even a single rail had been taken. Their owners were undoubted Union men.

We judged from several indications, that the feeling of the army would support the most radical and sweeping measures as to the property—of all kinds—belonging to rebels. Men exposed to the chances of being shot every day—and whose business it is to shoot in return—speedily lose any excess of conservatism, so far as the rights of their enemies are concerned. Lead does not seem to be so conservative a metal as gold.

The general feeling at Washington is in favor of Gen. McClellan. That there is a strong under-current not entirely favorable to him, or to his general conduct of the war, it would be in vain to deny. Some fear that his reasons for inactivity are more political than military. Others are in agreement with the sentiments of Gen. Lane, as expressed in his recent speech in the Senate; and some support the opinions of Mr. Ellet. The rumor that McClellan went to the President and threatened to resign if Gen. Cameron's report were not altered, naturally created great indignation. Said the colonel of a Pennsylvania regiment to us, "He might as well declare himself military dictator at once." The general feeling, however, remains to be one of confidence in McClellan and his conduct of the war.

The Hon. Schuyler Colfax, of Indiana, writing from Washington, says:—"In justice to Gen. McClellan, the Commander-in-Chief, whom I met on Monday morning, and had an interesting conversation with, I must say that he repeated to me, with emphasis, a former declaration, that the war would be short though it probably might be desperate, and that he saw the way clearly through to success in conquering the rebellion." Such declarations do much towards maintaining the public confidence, until at least, to use a common expression, McClellan has had a fair chance to develope his policy, and show what he is made of.

Washington is full of people. "Where the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together." Our friends of the children of Israel are there, among others, in large numbers; an infallible sign that trade is lively, and dollars to be picked up. Prices of everything are at the highest. At Willard's, where the Philadelphians most do congregate, they charge you $2 75 a day for board—and turn off numbers daily with the cry of "we are full."

Parson Brownlow once said that, "after being in Washington a few days, he felt an almost irresistible desire to pick somebody's pocket." Washington is now more provocative of such desires than ever. Everybody either has or is after an office or a contract.

In the midst of such a system of things, an universal testimony is borne to the honesty and sincerity of President Lincoln. Even those who doubt the wisdom of his policy, admit the uprightness and honesty of the man. Whatever taint of corruption may cling to others high in office, the President's character remains as unimpaired amid the corruptions of the capital, as in the comparatively pure air of his Springfield home. The universal testimony of all, friends and foes, to this fact, is among the pleasant experiences of a visit to Washington.

GEN. PHELPS'S PROCLAMATION

When we read Gen. Sherman's proclamation to the people of South Carolina, we almost gave up all hope of effective action at Port Royal,—and now, after reading Gen. Pheips's proclamation at Ship Island, Mississippi, we are tempted to despair of him likewise. Not that Gen. Phelps does not say many things which are true—but that he does not seem to understand that there is a proper time and place for everything; and that a military officer should not commit his government to declarations which said government is not prepared to make and maintain. Gen. Phelps's views are intensely free labor and anti-slavery. For instance, he says:—

We (!?) believe that every state that has been admitted as a slave state into the Union, since the adoption of the Constitution, has been so admitted in direct violation of that Constitution.

We believe that the slave states which existed as such at the adoption of our Constitution are, by becoming parties to that compact, under the highest obligations of honor and morality to abolish slavery.

It is our conviction that monopolies are as destructive as competition is conservative of the principles and vitalities of republican Government; that slave labor is a monopoly which excludes free labor and competition; that slaves are kept in comparative idleness and ease in a fertile half of our arable additional territory, while free white laborers, constantly augmenting in numbers from Europe, are confined to the other half, and are often distressed by want; that the free labor of the North has more need of expansion into the Southern States, from which it is virtually excluded, than slavery had into Texas in 1846; that free labor is essential to free institutions; that these institutions are naturally better adapted and more congenial to the Anglo Saxon race than are the despotic tendencies of slavery; and finally, that the dominant political principle of this North American continent, so long as the Caucasian race continues to flow in upon us from Europe, must needs be that of free institutions and free government.

Any obstructions to the progress of that form of government in the United States must inevitably be attended with discord and war.

This, and more of it—including a dissertation on the French Revolution, and a side blow at the Roman Catholic Church as it existed in France previous to that great time of overturning—winding up as follows:—

It is the conviction of my command, as a part of the national forces of the United States, that labor—manual labor—is inherently noble; that it cannot be systematically degraded by any nation without muning its peace, happiness, and power; that free labor is the granite basis on which free institutions must rest; that it is the right, the capital, the inheritance, the hope of the poor man everywhere; that it is especially the right of five millions of our fellow-countrymen in the

slave states, as well as of the four millions of Africans there; and all our efforts, therefore, however small or great, whether directed against the interference of governments abroad or against rebellious combinations at home, shall be for free labor.

Our motto and our standard shall be, here and everywhere, and on all occasions—

"Free labor and workingmen's rights."

It is on this basis, and this basis alone, that our munificent government—the asylum of the nations—can be perpetuated and preserved.

J. W. PHELPS,
Brigadier General of Volunteers, Commanding.

It would seem from the above proclamation that every general of a separate command had the liberty given him of putting forth a proclamation to please himself—and that our generals were not merely the agents, as we had supposed, of the government at Washington. This is all wrong. The administration should have a policy, and all proclamations should be written or dictated at Washington, in conformity with that policy. If it be true, as some say, that the administration has no policy—save the feeble one of DRIFT—then let care at least be taken to keep the logs of the government raft together. Surely Gen. Phelps will drift entirely away from Gen. Sherman and Gen. Halleck, if one be not held back, or the others pushed forward.

MRS. LINCOLN.

In another article we have related a few experiences of a recent visit to Washington, but we know we have not satisfied our lady readers, inasmuch as we have not said a word about the mistress of the White House. "Did you see Mrs. Lincoln—how did she look—how was she dressed?" are the questions that doubtless have been upon hundreds of tips of tongues upon reading that we have been to Washington.

Patience, ladies. Of course we could not go to Washington, see Mrs. Lincoln, and do such a cruel thing as come home and tell you nothing about it—how could we be guilty of such inhumanity!

We did see Mrs. Lincoln. It was in the Senate chamber, where a number of grave and reverend seigniors (Mr. Sumner included) read off, like so many schoolboys, their prepared eulogies on Col. Baker, that we first saw the mistress of the White House. Seated in a portion of the opposite gallery, reserved, we believe, for the families of the Foreign Ministers, appeared a lady who was at once pointed out to us as Mrs. Lincoln. The impression, ladies, she made on our party, was a favorable one. She looked younger than we had expected—and her dress was very becoming. "What was it?" do you ask.

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us!"

We have not the least idea. Never having been in either the silk or dry goods lines, we have not, we repeat, the least idea of the materials of that dress, or of its value.—That it was a pretty and becoming dress, we will take our "affidavy", but further the deponent saith not.

We also saw Mrs. Lincoln at a morning reception at the White House. She stood in the centre of the room by a table, and received her visitors as they were introduced by the usher. Of her dress on this occasion also, we regret we are unable to say more than that it was elegant and becoming. As to her manner, it was self-possessed, courteous and lady-like; and she went through her rather difficult task—as most people esteem it—as if it were a pleasure to her to see her numerous friends and visitors, which, as she is fond of society, it doubtless is.

Anything more, ladies? Yes, there is one thing more you doubtless would like to hear. We also saw Master Lincoln, a good-looking boy of ten or twelve, in the grounds adjacent to the White House. He was dressed just about like other boys—like your own, for instance—who have sensible fathers and mothers.

As to the White House itself, we were rather disappointed. It is a large, but by no means overwhelmingly magnificent building. Its whiteness is of paint or stucco, not of marble. It is altogether just about such a dwelling as the President of a Republic should live in. The famous East Room is a handsome room and handsomely furnished, but, as it struck us, not unusually so. Therefore, although rather disappointed in the White House, in one sense, we were gratified in being disappointed, and in finding it so much less the splendid kingly palace, and so much more the handsome republican mansion, than we had expected.

PROPOSED ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.—Gen. Wilson, of Mass., has introduced a bill into the Senate, for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. It provides for the appointment of Commissioners to receive and determine the claims for compensation—the entire amount allowed not to exceed an average of $300, for each person held by legal claim. We judge, of course, that only loyal slaveholders would be compensated by the terms of the bill.

SCHILLER'S COMPLETE WORKS.—We call attention to the advertisement of a new edition of Schiller's works, edited by Charles J. Hempel, Esq. This is the first opportunity the American public has had of obtaining a complete edition of the great German writer, in English. It is published by Mr. Ig. Kohler, No. 202 North Fourth street, and we trust will have a large sale.

DANDELION COFFEE.—We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of this new article. Several of our friends who have tried the Dandelion Coffee express themselves in the warmest terms in its favor. It is also cheaper than the regular article. It is sold by Mr. Henry Kollock, corner of Chestnut and Broad streets.

☞ The sketch of the "Camp Fire Apparition" in a recent number, should have been credited to the N. Y. Ledger. It was written by Emerson Bennett, Esq.

GEN. SCOTT'S LETTER.

We think the letter of Gen. Scott, written in Paris, relative to the Mason and Slidell difficulty, the ablest of the old hero's epistolary productions. It is said to give great satisfaction to our government. We may be excused for saying that the tone of Gen. Scott's letter, and that of our article in THE POST, written when the news came of the capture of the rebel commissioners, are strikingly similar. If any of our readers doubted a little our patriotism when they read that article, they will hardly do so now that Gen. Scott has spoken in the same temperate strain. The old hero does not forget in the excitement of the present moment, the long and undeviating policy of our government in relation to the rights of neutrals and the freedom of the seas—a policy for which he himself shed his blood, and in contending for which he gained a large portion of his renown.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

OKAVANGO RIVER; A NARRATION OF TRAVEL, EXPLORATION, AND ADVENTURE. By CHARLES JOHN ANDERSSON. Harper & Brothers, New York. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

Adventure and science, as well as religion, have their devotees and their martyrs. It is a mysterious impulse, not to be understood by those who have never shared it, that sends men out into wild and savage regions, away from home, and friends, and prosperity, to suffer the extremes of heat and cold, hunger, thirst, and perils from savage man and beast, and all for some end which, judging by the immediate result, seems almost trivial. Such were Bruce's explorations for the source of the Nile, such the search for the Northwest Passage, which in our own day has cost so many precious lives. The author of the present volume of African travel affords another instance of an adventurer devoting the prime of his life to researches in whose pursuit he suffers almost incredible hardships, and receives in return little that we can consider, as far as he himself is concerned, an adequate recompense for his sufferings and efforts.

The motive for such exertions must, we repeat, be an enigma to those who have not experienced it, and only to be accounted for as a manifestation of a divinely implanted law of human nature, whose end is the dissemination of civilization and enlightenment to the ends of the earth.

This impulse, comparatively dormant in some periods of history, revives with fresh energy at epochs when mankind need new conditions of development. In our century it is as active as in the age when the New World was first given to life and progress, but now the march of empire turns eastward again. The Old World—immovable Asia, the mother of nations—begins to stir and quicken with the new life of her western children, and mysterious Africa to open her everlastingly closed doors to the forces, that are to awaken her from her long sleep.

To Africa, all help to progress must come from without. She is herself unable to break the bonds that fetter her in her solitude. No other country offers such baffling obstacles to the intruder as does this whole continent.

Folded on itself, compacted into one mass, no seas and bays offer a passage into its interior; mighty deserts guard the northern and southern bounds of the great central mass so long marked in maps as "Unexplored Africa;" its rivers spread themselves over a thirsty and burning soil which drinks up their waters before they can reach the sea, or, in the case of the few great rivers that might furnish a path to the interior, they are on the western coast at least, completely barred by sand-banks across their mouths which effectually impede navigation. Deadly fevers, too, lie in wait for the wayfarer who may tempt the perils of those streams, and savage and predatory tribes harrass and menace his progress.

Such, and greater still, are the obstacles which repel travellers from explorations in Central Africa, and yet this mysterious region so beset with perils is the very one that most tempts the ardent adventurer. Anderson, Livingston, Cumming, Burton, and Du Chaillu have opened paths into this country so rich in capabilities, which the enterprise of the nineteenth century will not fail to follow up, perhaps with results whose greatness will be far beyond those of which we already have glimpses. A future may be now dawning on Africa which will in time explain to mankind the mystery of her long isolation.

Mr. Anderson's present record of travel does not offer us such decidedly important results as his former work recording the discovery of Lake Ngami. The most important result of his late explorations is the discovery of the Okarango River, a large, permanent stream flowing eastward towards the heart of South Africa, between 17 and 18 deg. S. latitude. This discovery was so important a one, and promised to open so feasible a way for more extended explorations, that we must sympathize with the daring adventurer when we find him checked in his further progress by an attack of African fever, which prostrated him and nearly all his companions, and which continued to rage until, seeing inevitable death before them, Anderson finally concluded, with great reluctance, to abandon his project and retrace his steps. His remarks upon the frustration of his plans are touching in their brevity.

"A precipitate retreat appeared quite imperative. It cost, nevertheless, a severe struggle between duty and ambition before I could resolve upon it. I obeyed at last the monitions of conscience, and bade with a sigh farewell to the pursuit of fame and glory forever.

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VICTORY AT DRAINSVILLE.

THE PENNSYLVANIA RESERVES ON THE POTOMAC—GEN. MCCALL ROUTS THE ENEMY AT DRAINSVILLE—TWO CAISSONS CAPTURED—LOSS OF THE ENEMY, SEVENTY-NINE KILLED AND WOUNDED.

On the morning of the 20th, at 6 o'clock, a portion of Gen. McCall's division proceeded in the direction of Drainsville on a foraging expedition, and for the purpose of making a reconnoissance in that locality. Drainsville is about midway between McCall's headquarters and Leesburg.

On arriving in that vicinity they encountered the enemy, who had four regiments of infantry, composed of South Carolinians, Alabamians and Kentuckians, with one battery of six pieces and a regiment of cavalry under the command of Gen. Stewart.

The enemy were completely routed, and fled precipitately, after a fight of an hour and a half, leaving two caissons of ammunition and a quantity of small arms, blankets, great coats, etc., more than our troops could bring away.

Our men also brought in some prisoners, besides the wounded. Our loss is, as near as can be ascertained at present, about 10 killed and 15 wounded.

The only troops on our part engaged in the affair at Drainsville were Gen. Ord's brigade, the 1st Rifles (Bucktails) and Easton's battery of four guns. At four o'clock, after the action, Gen. McCall sent two officers to count the rebels who were killed and wounded, and it so long marked in maps as "Unexplored Africa;" its rivers spread themselves over a thirsty and burning soil which drinks up their waters before they can reach the sea, or, in the case of the few great rivers that might furnish a path to the interior, they are on the western coast at least, completely barred by sand-banks across their mouths which effectually impede navigation. Deadly fevers, too, lie in wait for the wayfarer who may tempt the perils of those streams, and savage and predatory tribes harrass and menace his progress.

Such, and greater still, are the obstacles which repel travellers from explorations in Central Africa, and yet this mysterious region so beset with perils is the very one that most tempts the ardent adventurer. Anderson, Livingston, Cumming, Burton, and Du Chaillu have opened paths into this country so rich in capabilities, which the enterprise of the nineteenth century will not fail to follow up, perhaps with results whose greatness will be far beyond those of which we already have glimpses. A future may be now dawning on Africa which will in time explain to mankind the mystery of her long isolation.

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To Africa, all help to progress must come from without. She is herself unable to break the bonds that fetter her in her solitude. No other country offers such baffling obstacles to the intruder as does this whole continent.

Folded on itself, compacted into one mass, no seas and bays offer a passage into its interior; mighty deserts guard the northern and southern bounds of the great central mass so long marked in maps as "Unexplored Africa;" its rivers spread themselves over a thirsty and burning soil which drinks up their waters before they can reach the sea, or, in the case of the few great rivers that might furnish a path to the interior, they are on the western coast at least, completely barred by sand-banks across their mouths which effectually impede navigation. Deadly fevers, too, lie in wait for the wayfarer who may tempt the perils of those streams, and savage and predatory tribes harrass and menace his progress.

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VICTORY IN MISSOURI.

TWO ATTACKS ON REBEL CAMPS—EIGHTEEN HUNDRED PRISONERS TAKEN, AND LARGE STORES OF BAGGAGE, &c.

SEDALIA, MO., Dec. 20.—Early yesterday morning our scouts brought the information that the large rebel train and reinforcements which had marched south to intercept our forces had divided, and the larger portion were marching south from Waverly, intending to camp at night near Milford.

Gen. Pope brought the main body of the army in position a few miles south of Waverly, and sent a strong force under Colonel Jeff. C. Davis a few miles south of Warrensburg and Knob Knoster, to come on the left and rear of the enemy, at the same time ordering Merrill's cavalry to march from Warrensburg and come up to the right.

Col. Davis pushed rapidly forward, and came up to the enemy in the afternoon, drove in his pickets, carried a strongly defended bridge by a vigorous assault, and drove the enemy into the timber, where, finding himself surrounded, he surrendered 1,900 men, including two colonels, one lieutenant-colonel, one major and seventeen captains. They were all taken prisoners, and sixty wagons heavily laden with supplies and clothing, and a large number of horses and mules fell into our hands. Our loss was only two killed and fourteen wounded; that of the enemy is considerably greater.

This is the best planned and executed action of the war, and reflects great credit on the general commanding and the officers and men who so faithfully and promptly carried out his project.

Information from Glasgow states that our troops have captured about two tons of powder, buried on Claib Jackson's farm.

Maj. Hibbard captured 80 rebels a day or two since, in Johnson county.

Good news is expected from Kansas, the troops having been moving briskly in the last day or two.

At a previous attack on another camp, Gen. Pope captured three hundred of the enemy.

All the information from the west and north is to the effect that no efforts have been spared to send Gen. Price ample supplies of clothing for the rebel army during the winter. All or nearly all of this has fallen or will fall into our hands. Nearly 200 heavily laden wagons are already in our possession, together with large quantities of ammunition and arms, 1,000 horses, tents, camp equipage, &c., and between 1,800 and 2,000 recruits have been taken prisoners.

Major Hubbard, of the 1st Missouri cavalry, has captured over sixty rebel recruits within the past few days, killed several others, and taken a considerable number of tents, several wagons, a quantity of baggage and arms, and burned a mill which had been supplying the rebels for some time past. Altogether the rebellion has received a terrible shock in this section of country within the present week. It is thought by many that Price will cross the Osage to assist his generals, Stein and Slack, who are now in the river counties with 4,000 to 5,000 men, to escort recruits and supplies to their main camp, at Osceola. If he does he will be compelled to stand a general engagement, in which event there is no doubt whatever that he will be badly defeated, and his army entirely scattered.

EXTRACTS FROM THE REBEL PAPERS.

The Memphis Appeal of the 18th inst., has the following dispatches:

KNOXVILLE, TENN., Dec. 17.—Two more bridge burners (Union men) were hung to-day by order of Gen. Carroll.

The Memphis Avalanche of the same date says that Galveston, Texas, has been evacuated by the Confederates.

Jeff. Thompson is busy fortifying New Madrid, Mo.

The Cairo correspondent of the Chicago Tribune says a pontoon bridge is being constructed over the river at Memphis. On this side of Memphis there is a fort mounting 102 guns, called Fort Pillow.

Fort Randolph, near Memphis, is being strongly fortified.

The rebels are jubilant over the English interference in the Mason and Slidell affair.

The number of Federal prisoners at Memphis is 87. Desertions from the rebel army are frequent and numerous.

Claib Jackson was at Columbus on Wednesday, and has issued a proclamation calling on the people of Missouri to furnish Jeff. Thompson with 20,000 men, and increase Gen. Price's force to 60,000.

CHARLESTON, Dec. 16.—The Mercury of this morning says that the Federalists now occupy Beaufort, Port Royal Island, with a force supposed to be 5,000 men. They have erected a battery near Port Royal Ferry of twelve 12-pound Parrott guns, and are throwing up an entrenchment on Port Royal Island.

It is reported that a Federal launch was fired into by our troops, and seven Yankees killed.

Gen. Evans arrived yesterday. The English news gives great joy in Charleston.

A dispatch from Nashville says that Gen. Buckner is expected soon at Cincinnati from western Virginia.

The Gazette is informed that 28 Federal soldiers lately entered Gen. Zollicoffer's lines, stating that after reading President Lincoln's Message they could no longer bear arms against the south, and were ready to fight the abolition tyranny.

SAVANNAH, Dec. 13.—Nothing has been heard of the stone fleet. A part of the Port Royal Expedition has sailed south.

GEN. BURNSIDE'S EXPEDITION—CONCENTRATION OF FORCES AT ANNAPOLIS.—Gen. Burnside has arrived at Annapolis, and commenced his preparations for the departure of the Expedition for the south.

A grand review of ten regiments of the General's command took place on the 20th. The men are in excellent condition, and eager for the start.

Four of the vessels belonging to the Expedition arrived at Annapolis on the 19th, making a total of 12, which are in readiness for departure.

Gen. Havelock has arrived at Annapolis, for the purpose of inspecting the Ira Harris Cavalry.

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S MAXIMS.—Whatever may be thought of the personal character of Louis Napoleon, even his enemies must admit his sagacity. In his views of the English Revolution contained in his "Historical Fragments," he states some things well worthy of our careful consideration at the present moment, as for instance:

"*March at the head of the ideas of your age, and then those ideas will follow and support you.*"

"*If you march behind them, they will drag you on.*"

"*And if you march against them, they will certainly prove your downfall.*"

☞ Popular paradox—That by going into winter *quarters*, we shall be doing things by *halves*.

NEWS ITEMS.

SHERMAN TO BE SUPERSEDED.—A number of leading Senators have called upon the President, and urged the removal of General Sherman from Port Royal. The President assured them that it should be done, and that his course had not been approved of by him.

THE Illinois Central Railroad Company have constructed alongside their track twelve miles of corn-cribs, capable of holding three millions of bushels of corn—the corn stored therein to be received in payment of the railroad company's lands.

MR. REDPATH, the agent of the Hayitian government, has formally offered to transport to that island all negroes delivered on board his vessel at Hampton Roads, at twenty dollars each—children half price. This affords an excellent opportunity for testing the colonization schemes at a small cost.

THE English brig Mary, spoken at sea, reports that a severe engagement had occurred between the Sumter and Iroquois, and that one of them had put into Martinique to repair damages.

The following is the British naval force in the American seas:—

Designation of fleet.	Vessels.	Guns.	Men.
North American and West Indies	30	714	8,978
Gulf of Mexico,	4	319	3,310
Pacific,	20	497	4,160
Grand total,	45	1,300	14,448

The whole United States navy consists of about 200 vessels, 2,500 guns, and 25,000 men—many of the vessels being merely mercantile vessels, unfit for regular naval engagements. The navy of Britain is about 600 vessels and 12,000 guns.

THE war news caused a great excitement in New York. Breadstuffs were favorably affected, and all descriptions were very firm. Many lots of cotton withdrawn. Sales prepare advanced from 11 to 15 cts. per pound, and but few holders would name any price. Sulphur was kept out of market, and coffee and tea have been withdrawn, or are only offered at enormous prices.

THE clothing sent to Richmond from Washington for the U. S. captives there has been received and distributed among them.

THE Connecticut State Loan of $1,200,000 has been taken at from par to 3 per cent. premium.

ONLY $194,000 in specie was taken away in the Africa. It is said that active preparations are making for large shipments in case the events of the next few days warrant them.

FROM the South we have accounts of an attack on the town of Matamoras by General Carvajal, the partisan chief. Great carnage took place and both parties claim the victory.

THE government at Washington is greatly delighted with the tone of Gen. Scott's letter, published in the English press, and it feels assured that if the British Cabinet and people have all susceptible of conviction as to the justice of our act in seizing Mason and Slidell, and also of the disposition of this country to maintain the most friendly relations, this letter of the old hero will have a tendency to change the feelings of indignation to those of respect and admiration.

At the bank meeting in New York city on Thursday all the pending questions with the Treasury Department were harmoniously adjusted. Secretary Chase stated that the present government balances with the banks will be sufficient for the wants of the government till about the middle of January, before which time he had confident expectations of brilliant and decisive military successes, and he did not doubt that the questions with Great Britain would have a pacific solution. He proposed no further financial arrangements at this time.

THE Washington Star says that a successor to Gen. Pheips, has been appointed, and that he will be hastened out to the Gulf with as little delay as possible.

THE New York Evening Post says that no uneasiness need be felt in regard to a deficiency of our supply of saltpetre. It is assumed that the amount now in government stores is sufficient for all emergencies, while as to arms, we are abundantly able to help ourselves from the armories now in operation, and with our ability to construct new machinery whenever it may be needed.

THE CONDUCT OF THE WAR.—The Joint Committee of Congress to inquire into the conduct of the war consists of Senators Wade, Chandler, and Johnson, of Tenn., and Representatives Gooch, Covode, Julian and Odell.

AS THE subject of abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia is now agitated, it may be of general interest to know that, according to the recent census, the number of slaves in Georgetown is 877; in Washington, 1,744; and in the remainder of the county 854, making a total of 3,185. The number of free blacks in the District is 11,131. The total population of Washington is 61,122. The compensation for the slaves, at an average of $300, would amount to over $900,000. A number of the slaves, however, probably belong to rebels.

God's ways seem dark, but soon or late
They touch the shining hills of day
The evil cannot brook delay,
The good can well afford to wait.
Whittier.

☞ If you want to gain any man's good opinion, take particular care how you behave, the first time you are in company with him. The light you appear in at first, to one who is neither inclinable to think well or ill of you, will strongly prejudice him either for or against you.

☞ The following description of a good wife is given by a Down Easter . . . She hadn't *no ear for music*, Sam, but she had a capital eye for dirt, and with poor folks that is much better. No man ever seed as much dirt in my house as a fly could brush off with his wings. Boston girls may boast of their spinet and gyters, and their eyetalian airs, and their *ears for music*; but give me the gal that has an eye for dirt; that's the gal for my money.

☞ The most mischievous liars are those who keep just on the verge of truth. Those who lie less judiciously can often be detected, but these are very difficult to catch before an injury has been accomplished.

☞ To find out the number of children in the street, commence beating a bass drum. To find out the number of idle men, start a dog fight.

☞ While riding in a city car the other day, the reporter of the N. Y. Sun was amused in making an inventory of the "charms" of a young lady sitting opposite, who kindly afforded every facility for doing so. The stock on hand was as follows:—2 large pin; one on mantilla and one on dress; 3 gold chains, 1 massive gold cross, 1 gold watch key, 1 gold watch chain, 2 heavy bracelets, 2 heavy cardrops, 4 rings, 1 pair very white hands, 1 pair very white arms—the whole sedulously and constantly displayed.

LATEST NEWS.

LATER FROM EUROPE.

THE ENGLISH WAR EXCITEMENT UNABATED—AN ANTI WAR MEETING IN DUBLIN.

We have news by the America, at Halifax, and the Arago, off Cape Race.

The warlike sentiment and preparation in England were unabated.

The British government has sent a letter approving of the course of Commander Williams, the mail agent on board the steamer Trent.

Orders for the purchase of nearly five hundred thousand quarters of wheat have been sent within the last few days to the Black Sea ports, both for present and future shipments.

A large number of English troops are to be sent to Canada.

The Hero, 86 guns, was to leave Portsmouth on the 8th, for the North American station.

The ship Silas Greenman, for New York, was stopped on the Thames, having 100 tons of lead on board, the export of which was prohibited.

Colonel Gordon, of the Royal Engineers, is ordered to be in readiness to proceed to Canada in the Melbourne.

A large force of engineers, it is stated, will be sent immediately to Canada.

One hundred-pound Armstrong guns are now being rapidly distributed among the ships preparing for sea.

The Defence, an iron-plated frigate, is to have a crew of four hundred and fifty. She will be manned without the least difficulty.

The naval editor of the London Times states that, although they are strong in large ships, the class of vessels which would be of the greatest service to them in a war with the United States, are the corvettes and sloops, a great number of which require heavy repairs, before they would be fit for use.

A great mass meeting was held in the round room of the rotunda, at Dublin, to take into consideration the present and position of Irish national affairs at the present momentous crisis. The following resolutions were passed:

Resolved, That the population of the great Republic, from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific shores, being largely composed of men of Irish birth and Irish blood, it would be unnatural to suppose that Ireland could remain an indifferent spectator of the struggle between England and America.

Resolved, That the events of the hour imperatively dictate to all Irishmen a forgetfulness of their past differences, and a united rally for the cause of their adopted country.

Resolved, That a chairman, two secretaries, and a committee of twenty-one members, each having been duly and separately proposed and seconded, be chosen by a majority of voices at this mass meeting, to take into consideration the advisability of an organization in the present state of affairs at home and abroad.

PARIS, Dec. 8.—The *Constitutionnel, Patrie, Debats*, and several other French journals say that France will remain neutral in the event of war between England and America. The Debats editorially states that France has no interest to weaken the power of the United States, and that French commerce would gain enormously by a maintenance of neutrality.

The London Observer (ministerial) ridicules the idea of submitting the Trent question to arbitration, and denied that Captain Wilkes would have been justified in taking the ship into a prize court.

Gen. Scott is a passenger by the steamer Arago.

The Paris papers assert that the British Government, in answer to the petitions from manufacturing districts, stated that the cotton ports would be opened by February at the latest.

HAMBURG, Dec. 8.—The impression prevails in the Hanseatic towns that the blockade of the ports of the southern states will soon be broken by England. The prices of cotton continue falling in consequence.

The Paris papers assert that the dispatches sent by the British Government to Lord Lyons, although couched in moderate language, are, nevertheless, inflexible in their conclusion, which is "the restitution of the Commissioners." If this is refused, Lord Lyons is to leave Washington, with all the members of the British Legation.

LATER.

GEN. SCOTT THE BEARER OF AN OFFER OF MEDIATION BY THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON—WARLIKE PREPARATIONS UNABATED.

CAPE RACE, Dec. 21.—The steamship Edinburgh, from Liverpool, arrived off this point this evening, with Liverpool advices to Wednesday, the 11th instant, and by telegraph to Queenstown to Thursday, the 12th instant. Her advices are one day later than received by the Arago.

General Scott, previous to embarking in the steamer Arago, for New York, had a long interview with Prince Napoleon. It is reported that the General comes to America with the expression of the French Emperor's desire to bring about a pacific solution of the question lately arisen between the English and American governments.

The steamer Australasian was to sail on the night of the 13th, full of troops and munitions of war, &c.; for the St. Lawrence.

The Niagara was to sail on the succeeding Saturday, taking 350 artillerists to Halifax.

There is no abatement in England of the warlike preparations.

The ship Mary Ann, from New York for Queenstown, has been abandoned at sea.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 24.—The excitement in regard to the Trent affair has passed away. The British Minister has been satisfied, and dispatches to that effect went out in the steamer yesterday. At least this is the current report. England has no desire to quarrel with us, but merely wants an official explanation why Messrs. Mitchell and Mason were taken from under the protection of the British flag.

From Fortress Monroe we learn that the light of a great fire in the direction of Norfolk was visible last night. It is supposed some conflagration has happened there.

The arrest of George W. Jones, late U. S. Minister to Bogota, was based on treasonable letters of his which were intercepted. In a letter to Jeff. Davis, he asked him to provide an office for his brother, said that his sons had gone south to fight against us, and that he himself would probably follow.

☞ FLOWER GARDEN.—Root up chrysanthemums and everything that you're planted in the previous month. Paint your geraniums with your favorite color in oils. Uncover all your choicest plants. There will probably be a frost at night; this will save you a great deal of trouble.—*Fun.*

☞ Such fare as the soldiers are having at Port Royal! One letter writer says:—"Soldiers were messing on sweet and white potatoes, fresh beef, fresh pork, oysters, clams, chickens, sea fowls, and wild ducks."

☞ The strength of one horse is as the strength of five men.

LOVE'S MALADY.

BY HEINE.

They say that my heart is breaking
With love and sorrow too;
And at last I shall believe it,
As other people do.

Thou girl, with dark eyes beaming,
I have ever told thee this,—
That my heart with love is breaking,
That thou wert all my bliss.

But only in my chamber
Dared I thus boldly speak
Alas!—when thou wert present
My words were sad and weak

For there were evil angels
Who quickly hushed my tongue;
And oh!—such evil angels
Kill many a heart when young.

CHRISTMAS IN 1560 AND IN 1861.

Christmas is Christmas, whether it be in 1560 or 1861, and, after the fashions of the times, brings with it good cheer and holiday mirth. High up in the belfry the bells are ringing; there is feasting everywhere: and holly, and ivy, and bay, and mistletoe—of course—decorate our houses in honor of Christmas time. So it was, and so it is, and so it shall be.

Although it is not known with certainty at what date Christmas was first observed as a festival, there is no doubt of its great antiquity; and ever since the season has been recognized, it has been the occasion of cheerful hilarity and merry-making. In England, the feast of the Nativity was observed both by Saxons and Normans with boundless hospitality; the age of chivalry imparted to these old customs both grandeur and solemnity; and in the time of the Tudors, especially in the reigns of Henry VIII. and of Queen Elizabeth, the feastings, pageantry, and rejoicings of the Christmas season attained a magnificence and extent never previously equalled.

And thus three hundred years ago we find—as the artist has shown us in his picture—a curious, motley group assembled in the baronial hall on Christmas-day. The boisterous merriment of such a scene would now scarcely be tolerated, but it was welcome then, even in the precincts of the Court. The Lord of Misrule and the Abbot of Unreason had it all their own way. Then "Masters of Merry Disport," as they were called, exercised their brief authority with as little control as an actual sovereign. Of the renowned potentate, to whom the Abbot of Unreason was subordinate, strange things are told, when, in full state in a king's court or lordly mansion, he was attended by his Lord Keeper, his Lord Treasurer, Master of Requests, Captain of the Guard, and a host of courtiers bearing the oddest imaginable names. Names! What strange names or titles were those by which the Lord of Misrule was himself recognized—High and Mighty Prince of Purpoole; Archduke of Rotherhithe and Ramsgate; Earl of Holborn—upper and nether; Marquis of St. Giles' Fields; Great Lord of the Cantons of Islington, and Knight of the Most Heroical Order of the Blue-nosed Monkey. Very rich also were the royal robes, sometimes of green velvet glittering with gold lace, and feather caps, and pointed collars, while the mummers and minstrels in attendance, dressed in all sorts of finery, disguised themselves with the heads of animals, and made the old hall ring with their mirth and music.

The leading character of the Christmas time three hundred years ago, was the presence of these merry fellows and their lordly chief. They were welcomed everywhere, and a fantastic group, counterfeiting bears, crocodiles, lions, and wolves—roaring and raving, and endeavoring to represent the animals they imitated—won many a hearty laugh from good Queen Bess herself.

Of course the eating and drinking formed no unimportant part of an old-fashioned Christmas:

"They served up salmon, venison, and wild boars,
By hundreds, and by dozens, and by scores;
Hogsheads of honey, kilderkins of mustard,
Mutton, and fatted calves, and bacon swine,
Herons and bitterns, peacock, swan, and bustard,
Teal, mallard, pigeon, widgeon, and, in fine,
Plum pudding, pancake, apple pie and custard,
And there withal they drank good Gascon wine
With mead, and ale, and cider of our own,
For porter, punch, and negus were not known."

The chief dish at a Christmas feast three hundred years ago was the boar's head. This dish, properly garnished with Christmas plants, was brought in with a flourish of trumpets, and a carol was usually sung about it as it was placed on the table.

The Yule Log was a famous part of the Elizabethan Christmas, so it is still in many parts of England and Scotland; but it requires an ample expanse of hearth and broad chimney to serve for such a fire.

"Heap on more wood, the wind blows chill,
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still."

The blazing log cast around the hall its ruddy glare of warmth and light as the mummers performed their strange antics; hobby-horses, which no Rarey could have tamed, plunged and capered, or all the guests footed it to a lively measure, thereto incited by the merry music of the minstrels.

So Christmas brought with it a feast and a frolic. Our ancestors enjoyed their holiday mirth fast and furious, but the boar's head no longer figures on our table; the Lord of Misrule and the Abbot of Unreason no longer hold their revel in our houses; the mummers, and minstrels, and hobby-horse are gone; but the cheerful season of Christmas is left, to be kept after a fashion more suitable to our age.

We have not forgotten Christmas in 1860, and may the time never come when we shall forget the pleasant duties of hospitality and social brotherhood; neglect the festive board, the blazing fire, the music, wit, and song, and harmless mirth of Christmas; and never may the Christmas season find us with hearts unwilling to devise acts of charity, or to promote that peace and goodwill of which an angel host sang on the first Christmas night!

The amusements of a modern Christmas party require no lengthened description here. We all know that some very good-meaning hosts seem to imagine they have done all that is necessary when they have laid in a good supply of creature comforts, and that the guests will amuse themselves. Let us entreat our party-giving readers to commit no such blunder. You must entertain your guests with more than meat and drink, otherwise your party will be dull and dreary. Act charades—some capital fun may thus be got up at a little trouble and small cost. Play at games; noisy frolics, or ingenious puzzles, that shall set the mental machinery in motion and provoke a laugh. Have some music—in these *soi-fa* days everybody almost knows how to sing, and, if you think proper, dance. What is dancing but the harmony of motion made visible? What exercise so sociable and enlivening—always supposing it be confined to our own drawing-room, and that it does not set us frequenting public balls? Well, what shall we dance? The quadrille is unobjectionable, but the regular old-fashioned, time-honored dance, Sir Roger de Coverley, should not be omitted. Steady, there—harpist and fiddler; strike up—off we go, old and young together—cross hands—down the middle and up again.

Let us be merry, and enjoy, without abusing, the bountiful blessings which are ours. The family gathering, the cheerful dinner, the children's games, in which old and young may join; the dance on the carpet, the simple song—these we may enjoy with grateful hearts, and be none the worse, but all the better for them. But that which adds pleasure to the meeting, relish to the dinner, humor to the game, grace to the dance, melody to the music, is the feeling that we have forgotten grievances and forgiven foes, and have been as liberal as we could to the poor and needy.

CHRISTMAS IN 1560.

PERVERSENESS.

FROM "LESSONS IN LIFE," BY "TIMOTHY TITCOMB."

"Because she's constant, he will change.
And kindest glances coolly meet,
And all the time he seems so strange,
His soul is fawning at her feet."

—*Coventry Patmore.*

"All that we seem to think of is to manage matters so as to do as little good and plague and disappoint as many people as possible."

—*Hazlitt.*

It seems to me, either that there is a great deal of human nature in a pig, or that there is a great deal of pig in human nature. I find myself always sympathizing with a pig that wishes to go in an opposite direction to that in which its owner would drive it. It would be a sufficient reason for me to desire to go eastward, that a man was behind me, with an oath in his mouth and a very heavy boot on his foot, endeavoring to drive me westward. We are jealous of our freedom. We naturally rise in opposition to a will that undertakes to command our movements.—This is not the result of education at all; it is pure human nature. Command a child—who shall be only old enough to understand you—to refrain from some special act, and you excite in his heart a desire to do that act; and he will have, nine times in ten, no reason for his desire to do it, but your command that he shall not. The youngest human soul that has a will at all, takes the first occasion to declare its independence.

Now, I believe this principle in human nature to be, in itself, good. It is that which declares a man's right to himself—that which asserts personal liberty in thought, will, and movement. I believe it existed in Adam and Eve, and that it is more than likely that the tree of the knowledge of good and evil was despoiled because our beautiful great-grand mother (for whom I confess much sympathy and affection) was forbidden to touch it. It is a principle which should always be carefully distinguished from perverseness, in all our dealings with young and old, and in all our estimates of human character. When a child obeys a man, or when one man obeys another, it should always be for good and sufficient reason. Neither child nor man should be expected to surrender his right to himself without the presentation to him of the proper motive. When, yielding to this motive, the soul consents to be directed or led, it becomes obedient. Compulsion may secure conformity, but never obedience. If I, as a child or man, am to yield myself to the direction of any other man, that man is bound to present to me an adequate motive for the surrender. God throws upon me personal responsibility—gives me to myself—and no man, parent or otherwise, can make me truly obedient without giving me the motive for obedience. When a child or a man falls to yield to the legitimate motives of obedience, he is perverse, and it is about perverseness, in some of its forms of manifestation, that I propose to talk in this article.

At starting, I must give perverseness a somewhat broader meaning than that thus far indicated. I will say that the person is perverse who, from vanity, or pride of opinion and will, or malice, or any mean consideration, refuses to yield his conduct and himself to those motives and influences which his reason and conscience recognize to be pure and good and true. In its least aggravated form, perhaps, we find it among lovers. Women will sometimes persistently ignore a passion which they know has taken full possession of them, and grieve the heart that loves them, by a coldness and indifference which they do not feel at all. Rather than acknowledge their affection for one whose loss would kill them, or, what would be the same thing, kill the world for them, they have lied, grown sick, and gone nearly insane. This is a perverseness very uncommon. Sometimes lovers have been very tender and devoted so long as a doubt of ultimate mutual possession remained to give zest to their passion, but the moment this doubt has been removed, one or the other has become incomprehensibly indifferent.

I have noticed that very few married pairs are matches in the matter of warmth and expression of passion between the parties.—The man will be all devotion and tenderness—brimming with expressions of affection and exhibitions of fondness, and the woman all coolness and passivity, or (which is much more common) the woman will be active in expression, lavishing caresses and tender nesses upon a man who very possibly grows harder and colder with every delicate proof that the whole wealth of his wife's nature is poured at his feet, as a libation upon an altar. It is here that we see some of the strangest cases of perverseness that it is possible to conceive. I know men who are not bad men—who, I suppose, really love and respect their wives—and who would deny themselves even to heroism to give them the comforts and luxuries of life, yet who find themselves moved to reject with poorly-covered scorn, and almost to resent, the varied expressions of affection to which those wives give utterance. I know wives who long to pour their hearts into the hearts of their husbands, and to get sympathetic and fitting response, but who are never allowed to do it. They live a constrained, suppressed, unsatisfied life. They absolutely pine for the privilege of saying freely what they feel, in all love's varied languages, toward men who love them, but who grow harder with every approach of tenderness, and colder with every warm, invading breath. A shower that purifies the atmosphere, and refreshes the face of heaven itself, sours cream, just as love's sweetest expression sours these men.

I have known wives to walk through such an experience as this into a condition of abject slavery—to waste their affection without return, until they have become poor, and spiritless, and mean. I have known them to lose their will—to become the mere dependent mistresses of their husbands—to be creeping cravens in dwellings where it should be their privilege to move as radiant queens. I have known them thrown back upon themselves, until they have become bitter railers against their husbands—uncomfortable companions—openly and shamelessly flouting their affection. I do not know what to make of the perverseness which induces a man to repel the advances of a heart which worships him, and to become hard and tyrannical in the degree by which that heart seeks to express its affection for him. There are husbands who would take the declaration that they do not love their wives as an insult, yet who hold the woman who loves them in fear and restraint through their whole life. I know wives who move about their houses with a trembling regard to the moods and notions of their husbands—wives who have no more liberty than slaves, who never spend a cent of money without a feeling of guilt, and who never give an order about the house without the same doubt of their authority that they would have if they were only housekeepers, employed at a very economical salary. I can think of no proper punishment for such husbands except daily ducking in a horse-pond, until reformation. Yet these asses are so unconscious of their detestable habits of feeling and life, that probably not one of them who reads this will think that I mean him, but will wonder where I have lived to fall in with such outlandish people.

The most precious possession that ever comes to a man in this world is a woman's heart. Why some graceful and most amiable women whom I know will persist in loving some men whom I also know, is more than I know. I will not call their love an exhibition of perverseness, though it looks like it; but that these men with these rich, sweet hearts in their hands, grow sour and snappish, and surly and tyrannical and exacting, is the most unaccountable thing in the world. If a pig will not allow himself to be driven, he will follow a man who offers him corn, and he will eat the corn, even though he puts his feet in the trough; but there are men—some of them of Christian professions—who take every tenderness their wives bring them, and every expression of affection, and every service, and every yearning sympathy, and trample them under feet without tasting them, and without a look of gratitude in their eyes. Hard, cold, thin-blooded, white-livered, contemptible curmudgeons—they think their wives weak and feolish, and themselves wise and dignified! I beg my readers to assist me in despising them. I do not feel adequate to the task of doing them justice.

There is another exhibition of perverseness which we sometimes see in families. There will be, perhaps, from two to half-a-dozen sisters in a family, amiable all of them. Now, think of the reasons which should bind them together in the tenderest sympathy. They were born of the same mother, they were nursed at the same heart, they were cradled under the same roof by the same hand, they have knelt at the side of the same father, their interests, trials, associates, standing—everything concerning their family and social life—are the same. The honor of one intimately concerns the honor of the other, yet I have known such families of sisters fly apart the moment they became in any way independent of each other, as if they were natural enemies. I have seen them take the part of a friend against any member of the family band, and become disgusted with one another's society. Where matters have not gone to this length, I have seen sisters who who would never caress each other, or, by any but the most formal and dignified methods, express their affection for each other. I have seen them live together for months and years as inexpressive of affection for each other as cattle in a stall,—more so: for I have seen a cow affectionately lick her neighbor's ear by the half-hour, while among these girls I have failed to see a kiss, or hear a tender word, or witness any exhibition of sisterly affection whatever.

One of the most common forms of perverseness, though one of the most subtle and least known, is that shown by people who study to shut everybody out from a knowledge of their nature and their life. They make it their grand end and aim to appear to be exactly what they are not, to appear to believe exactly what they do not believe, and to appear to feel what they do not feel at all. This is not because they are ashamed of themselves, or because they really have any thing to conceal. They have simply taken on this form of perverseness. They will not, if they can help it, allow any man to get inside of their natures and characters. If they write you a letter, they will mislead you.—They will say to you irreverent and shocking things, to prove to you that they are bold and unfeeling and unthoughtful, when they tremble at what they have written, and really show by their language that they are afraid, and full of feeling, and very thoughtful. If they have a sentiment of love for anybody, they take it as a dog would a bone, and go and dig a hole in the ground and bury it, only resorting to it in the dark, for private craunching. Very likely they will try to make you believe that they live a most dainty and delicate life—that the animals of the field and the fowls of the air love them, and come at their call—that clouds arrange themselves in heaven for their benefit, and are sufficiently paid for the effort by their admiration—that flowers excite them to frenzy—a very fine frenzy, indeed—and that all sounds shape themselves to music in their souls. They would have you think that they live a kind of charmed life—that the sun woos them, and the moon pines for them, and the sea sobs because they will not come, and the daisies wait lovingly for their feet, yet, if you knew the truth, you would see that they sit discontentedly among the homeliest surroundings of domestic life, with their sleeves rolled up—confound them!

This variety of perverseness seems very inexplicable. I have seen much of it, but do not know what to make of it. There is doubtless something morbid in it. It is often carried to such extremes, and managed so artfully, that multitudes are deceived by it. I know of some very beautiful natures that pass in the world for rough and coarse. I know men who have the reputation of being hard and harsh, yet who are, inside, and in their own consciousness, as gentle and sensitive as women—who put on a stern air and a repellant manner, when they are really yearning for sympathy. I have seen this air and manner broken through and battered down by a friendly man, who found what he suspected behind it—a generous, warm, noble heart. This perverseness seems to be akin to that of the miser, who knows he is rich, takes his highest delight in being rich, and yet dresses meanly, and fares like a beggar rather than be thought rich. Women hide themselves more than men. They are generally more sensitive, and their life and circumscribed habits have a tendency to the formation of morbid moods, and this among the number.

Of the perverseness of partisanship in politics much is written, and my pen need not dip into it; but there is a perverseness exhibited by Christian churches in their quarrels that should be exposed and discussed, because some people have an impression that it may possibly be piety. "For *dum spuizzle* read *permanence*," said an editor, correcting a typographical error that had found its way into his journal. It seems as strange that perverseness should be mistaken for piety, as that "permanence" should be mistaken for "dum squizzle," but I believe it often is. Let some little cause of disturbance arise, and become active in a church, and it is astonishing how both parties go to work and pray over it. The pastor, perhaps, has said something on the subject of slavery, or he does not preach doctrine enough, or he preaches the wrong sort of doctrine, or he does not visit his people enough, or there is "a row" about the singing, or about a change in the hymn-books, or about repairing the church, or buying an organ, or something or other, and straightway sides are taken, and the wills of both parties get roused. It is sometimes laughable—it would always be, only it is too sad—to see how quickly both parties grow pious, as they grow perverse. It would seem, as the strife waxes hot, that the glory of God was never so much in their hearts as now. They pray with fervor, they are constant in their public religious duties, they pass through the most scrupulous self-examinations, and then fight on to the bitter end; believing, I suppose, that they are really doing God service, when they are only gratifying their own perverse wills.

Churches have been ruined, or divided, or crippled in their power, by a cause of quarrel too insignificant to engage the minds of sensible worldly men for an hour. I have heard it said that church quarrels are the most violent of all quarrels, because religious feelings are the strongest feelings of our nature. I confess that I do not see the force of this statement, for it does not appear to me that religious feelings have much to do with these quarrels. I can much more easily see why all personal differences should be adjusted peaceably in a church, for there it is supposed that the individual will be subordinated to the cause of religion and the general good. The real basis of the bitterness of church quarrels is women. There are no others, except neighborhood quarrels, in which women mingle, and a neighborhood quarrel will at once be recognized as more like a church quarrel than any other. Women have strong feelings, are attracted or repulsed through their sensibilities, conceive keen likes and dislikes, do not stop to reason, and are, of course, the readiest and the most devoted partisans. If the mouths of the women could only be smothered in a church quarrel, it would be settled much easier. Of all the perverse creatures in this world, a woman who has thoroughly committed herself to any man, or any cause, is the least tractable and reasonable. I hope that this statement will not offend my sweet friends, because it is so true that I cannot conscientiously retract it.

What the books call pride of opinion, is, in nine cases in ten, simple perverseness. I know a most venerable public teacher of physiology, whose early theory of the production of animal heat—very ridiculous in itself—is still yearly announced from his desk, notwithstanding the fact that the whole world has received another, whose soundness is demonstrated beyond all question. As he, year after year, declares his belief that animal heat is produced by corpuscular friction in the circulating blood, there is a twinkle of the eye among his amused auditors, which says very plainly—"the old gentleman does not believe this himself." The youngest student before him knows better than to give his theory a moment's consideration. Well, the old doctor is not alone. The world is full of this kind of thing. Men adhere to old opinions and old policies long after they have learned that they are shallow or untenable, not from a genuine pride of opinion (I doubt very much whether there really is any thing that should be called pride of opinion), but from genuine perverseness of disposition. Men will give, in some heated moment, an opinion touching some one's character or powers, and, though that opinion be proved to be wrong a thousand times, they will never acknowledge that they have made a mistake. This is simple perverseness of the meanest variety. There are some kinds of perverseness which impress one not altogether unpleasantly, but this affects a man with equal anger and disgust.

Perverseness is a sign of weakness—nay, an element of weakness—in man or woman. It is no legitimate part of a true character.—The generous, out-spoken man, who is not afraid to show himself, and what there is in him, who cares more about the right way than his way, who throws away an opinion as he would throw away an old hat, the moment he finds it is worthless, and who goodnaturedly allows the frictions of society to straighten out all the kinks there are in him, is the strong man always, and always the one whom men love. Perverseness is really moral strabismus, and I am shocked to think what a multitude of squint-eyed souls there will be, when we come to look into one another's faces in the "undress of immortality."

PROBABILITY OF MARRYING.

A table inserted in a paper in the Assurance Magazine, exhibits results of a rather startling character. In the first two quinquennial periods, 20–25, and 25–30, the probability of a widower marrying in a year is nearly three times as great as that of a bachelor. At 30 it is nearly four times as great; from 30 to 45 it is five times as great; and it increases until, at 60, the chance of a widower marrying in a year is eleven times as great as that of a bachelor. It is curious to remark from this table how confirmed either class becomes in its condition of life; how little likely, after a few years, is a bachelor to break through his habits and solitary condition; and, on the other, how readily in proportion does a husband contract a second marriage who has been deprived prematurely of his first partner. After the age of 30, the probability of a bachelor marrying in a year diminishes in a most rapid ratio. The probability at 35 is not much more than half that at 30, and nearly the same proportion exists between each quinquennial period afterward.

☞ SERMONS.—A clergyman in a country town had a stranger preaching for him one day, and meeting his beadle, he said to him—"Well, Saunders, how did you like the sermon to day?" "I wasna, sir, it was rather o'er plain and simple for me. I like thae sermons best that joombles the judgment and confounds the sense. Od, sir, I never saw ane that could come up to yourself at that."

OH, MEMORY!

They tell me that I should not grieve
A loss so long gone by;
That blessings reft new blessings leave,
That should their place supply.
I cannot say it is not so,
To murmur may be sin;
But the grief was given long ago—
When will the rest begin?

I look upon my boy's bright face,
My heart warms to his smile;
But not the loss that empty place
Lies cold within the while.
I see him bound o'er heath and sod,
Till all my pulses thrill;
But the little foot that never trod,
Oh! when will that be still?

All other things must suffer change,
However fair before;
And hearts grow cold, and voices strange,
And love is love no more;
The old home fire may quench its gleams,
The dearest friends forget;
But the little face that haunts my dreams
Has never altered yet.

It never smiles, it never speaks,
Its calm eye rests on mine,
And softly round the gentle cheeks
The fair curls float and twine.
The placid look is never stirred
By restlessness or pain;
And yet how often have I heard
That wailing cry again.

Sometimes when all are hushed in sleep,
And I awake alone,
I feel the tiny fingers creep,
And nestle in my own.
I listen to the low faint breath,
Yet know it is not there;
Oh, Memory! thou art strong as death,
But far more hard to bear!

HOW MY HEART DIED AT HEIDELBERG.

BY JOHN STEBBING.

I.

In spite of the west wind, which was blowing half a hurricane, and which in Heidelberg is about ten times more than equivalent to the north-east anywhere else—in spite of the eight inches of snow, and in spite of all sorts of cries of invitation from acquaintances rushing through the Ludwig's Platz (as the Heidelberg Place Royale is denominated) towards some more sheltered quarter, I remained for at least five minutes quietly considering what on earth I should do; for I had done everything that was to be done, and I was exhausted with my day's work. I had smoked, I had attended a lecture on Jurisprudence, I had drunk beer, I had been over the water to see some duels, I had run a race back again across the bridge, I had dined at the Badischer Hof, I had drunk coffee at Shifferdecker's, the confectioner's, played dice at the same place for three glasses of punch, and finally retired to the Museum, and gone to sleep over the last number of *Galignani*. It was now six o'clock, and for the next hour Heidelberg, for all idle as well as for all business purposes, might be considered to be dead. As I looked around me on the solitude of the dimly-lighted square, I recalled to mind Wordsworth's "Sonnet on Westminster Bridge," and said to myself, in solemn accents, "All Heidelberg is at tea!" Within the next hour would be consumed what mighty quantities of pungent Gottingen sausage, of savory Hamburg beef, of delicious raw ham, of exquisite coffee, and execrable tea!

It might have been some vision of these good things that suddenly put an end to my state of uncertainty. I walked at once into the High-street, and turning to the left, proceeded at a rapid pace towards the west end of the town. How narrow was the pavement, to be sure, and how many were the people who tried to keep their footing upon it! But after many narrow escapes and some few mishaps, I at length succeeded in reaching the famous pump which in summer is surrounded by so many water-drawing, laughing girls, and in winter is environed by so many snowball-throwing, screaming boys. A few steps more, and I had reached my destination. A heavy shove against the coach-house-like door, then a groping journey of discovery down the yard, with right arm stretched out, seeking the house door, then a stumbling ascent up the most awkward stairs in the world, and then a hearty welcome in a cozy room.

Mr. Brander knitting; Mrs. Brander piling logs on, or rather, shoving logs into the fire; Clement Brander copying the notes of his lecture. Mr. Brander, short, thick-set, sturdy, with an honest, rugged face, of which the predominant lines are the writing of a determined, but easy and honest character, and of which the subordinate lines are the traces of strong sensuous tastes, now either exhausted or subdued. He has taken to knitting to cure himself of taking snuff. Mrs. Brander, something of the parquet type of woman, with a strong strain of the tame jackdaw, very pretty to look at, bright-eyed, apt to startle people with words uttered ever so carelessly, but happening to be very apropos to somebody's discomfiture. Clement Brander, broad-browed, short-nosed, animal-jawed, strong-armed, more good-tempered than his mother, with something of her sharpness; more active-minded and eager-hearted than his father, with more than something of his powers of self-denial.

Every one has noticed the peculiar distinctness of every object just before a storm, and it has often occurred to me that, in a somewhat similar way, we are drawn to bestow particular attention on the characters of those around us at moments when anything is about to occur which, without our being conscious of it, may greatly affect our lives. I had known the Branders ever since I had been in Heidelberg, but whenever I remember them now, it always seems as though my acquaintance with them had begun on the evening of which I am speaking.

"Come to see the Fackelzug, I hope, Mr. Beck? We wanted a young gentleman; for we have two young ladies coming, and Clem is going to carry a torch."

"What young ladies, Mrs. Brander—the Miss Fanshawes, I suppose?"

"No, not the Miss Fanshawes. Some young ladies you have not met yet, I think; the Leslies, who live out beyond the Carl-thor. It has been such severe weather that they have scarcely been into the town through the whole winter; but I called there this morning, and the mamma promised to bring them out this evening if it were tolerably fine."

In small towns, where you meet every one about fifty times a day, it is always something to see a new face, to hear a new voice, to have even the chance of meeting with a new mind. But this was not the only reason for the gratification with which I heard Mrs. Brander's announcement. Although I had never seen, or even heard the names of, the Leslies, they had often occupied my thoughts.

I had become acquainted, soon after my arrival in Heidelberg, with a young countryman with whom I soon became very intimate, or rather familiar. There could be no sort of doubt, at the same time, that we neither of us liked or admired the other. He was loud and violent, candid quite to a fault, not at all nice in his language, and so openly selfish, that it almost ceased to be looked on as a vice, and was regarded by his friends more in the light of a mannerism. But, however dissimilar our characters, we had several small or great vices in common, which made it a mere matter of course that we should be a great deal together in so small a community as Heidelberg. We were each of us intolerably idle; we were equally given to strolling about the town, and dropping into all the beer-houses and confectioners' that came in our way; and greatest bond of all, we were alike in our determination to resist and evade in every possible way the law of the lumpen-glocke, in other words, the summons which is rung out from the steeple of the chief church in the town every evening a quarter before eleven o'clock, warning all good citizens to leave the beer-houses and go home to bed. Leave the beer-houses we did, being compelled thereto nightly by the appearance of ferocious-looking constables with cocked-hats and swords, who had not the slightest relish for chaff, whether in bad English or worse German.

The moments of loneliness and depression which are incidental to all idle, vagabondish lives, came upon me and Mr. Potter in due course, and we used to battle with them desperately, but when nothing would do we used to separate till the evil spirit should have passed by, and left us once more disposed for the old routine. On such occasions, I used to go home and have a dry-eyed cry (all the tears being in my heart) or would wander up among the hills till weariness and cold would drive me back as with whips into the town again. But as for Potter. Now, this was the curious part of the matter, that I always knew where he went on these occasions, and he knew that I knew, and that I knew he was unwilling that the subject should be mentioned between us. And yet no word on the subject had ever passed between us.

When Potter was weary of drinking beer, and of smoking, and of me, and of Heidelberg, he used to visit the family that lived beyond the Carl-thor. And I knew it.

"There they are at last! Run down and open the door, Clem."

I actually felt nervous; but the feeling only lasted for a moment, and by the time I had been introduced to the tall and gentle and somewhat sad-looking lady, whose dress showed at a single glance that she was one who had resolved to show outwardly all her life the remembrance of the loved one that always filled her heart—when I had been introduced to Mrs. Leslie, I say, I had recovered sufficient presence of mind to dispose of my person in such manner amidst the furniture of the room as to be able to settle down eventually near the one of the young ladies who might the most strike my fancy.

Shall I fall in love at first sight with Miss Mary, the younger? Is there not something exquisitely delightful to me in that brilliantly clear but almost colorless complexion, in those sarcastic gray eyes, in that abundant soft hair of dead beech-leaf color, in that neat classic head, habitually carried just a little on one side, giving one the impression of a saucy vessel just bending to, but refusing to yield to the wind? Yes, it approaches somewhat my early ideal. But I am too old now for my early ideal—smoked too much, perhaps; drank too much beer, perhaps; lost too much money, perhaps. It matters not why, but my life is not quick enough now to leap up towards it as it formerly would, and I surprise myself in a quick sigh of pleasure as I turn towards the elder sister, and gaze for a moment, a little too earnestly, on the rich coloring of her rosy cheeks, on the sweet curved fullness of her lips, and the brown softness of her eyes. To look upon her gave me much the same physical feeling of rest and satisfaction as I have felt on throwing myself, after a weary tramp, upon a couch of springy feathers.

But now Babette, the German maid-servant, thrusts her light blue eyes and light pink face into the room to let us know that the Fackelzug is approaching. Whereupon much uprising and thrusting back of chairs and curtains, and throwing open of windows, and then, as though it were a scene upon a stage, suddenly appears before us the silent landscape of the town. The brightest stars of the purple sky hang low amidst its snow-covered roofs; the muffled tread of the passers-by has more silence in it than silence; there is no wind, but the air has just enough motion in it to give an attribute of life to the whole universe. The opposite pavement is in deep shadow, and it is only by degrees that you perceive it is thick-set with an expectant crowd as far as you can see.

But hark! They come. The scattered notes of some wind instrument strike the air with whip-lashes of sound, then a soft rosy light grows upon the distant houses as though a strange summer dawn were breaking upon the winter night; and then, with a startling suddenness which makes the heart beat quicker, the whole upper end of the street appears to have broken up and belched forth a swarm of demons drowning in a torrent of flame and smoke. See how the red-hot houses gape with red-hot faces at every window, as the roaring devildom comes raging on. And hark! how the crashing brazen music wrestles with the roar of voices, striving with it for the mastery. And now, as it draws nearer, the outline of the procession rolls visible like a writhing serpent through the glare, and we are able to note its various features. See first, at its head, in blue-knitted jacket and scarlet shirt thrown wide open at the neck, rugged and broad as a butcher's block, the red-fisherman, bearing an enormous flag. As the secretary of a public company is its legal representative, so the red-fisherman may be regarded as the visual abstract of the corps-students of Heidelberg. He is strong and brave, so are they; he smokes and drinks much, so do they; he does nothing else worth speaking of, neither do they. He is their universal servant, with no particular duties attached to his position. When they fight, he is not far off; when they are drunk, he is generally at hand ready to carry them home. It is expected of him that he should be always seen by any one going anywhere, leaning against the corner of some wall, smoking a short pipe. He's a sort of out-doors porter, perpetually ready to receive callers upon the corps-students, who never come. If the corps-students were melted down in a crucible, a very slight evaporation would leave as a residuum the red-fisherman, pure and simple.

After the red-fisherman, the town band; after the town band, the students, headed by the Prussian corps, reputed to be far the richest and infinitely the most gentlemanly of all. The bursches—that is to say, those who have been some time in the corps, and have passed through a certain probation with the approval of their companions—are dressed, as are the bursches of the other corps, in a costume which belongs to some distant period, but which has a remarkable resemblance to that of a modern general officer, or beadle, consisting of cockade, dress-coat, white cord breeches, and jack-boots. And very fine-looking fellows they are, as they stride along with drawn swords, as though they were carrying fire and death to some enemy of the fatherland, instead of a simple address of thanks to Professor Blowser, the great historian, for consenting, in consideration of a large increase of salary, to decline the invitation of Bonn, and to remain at Heidelberg. And we may add, that it is very disinterested conduct on the part of the corps-students, who always carry addresses of thanks on these occasions, seeing that corps-students seldom attend lectures at all, and never keep awake through them if they do.

After the Prussian corps marches the Westphalian, the quietest in the university; and after the Westphalians the Vandals, who are the noisiest and the strongest. That little dark man is the captain, and is a mighty duellist, having received sixty cuts on his head and face. After the Vandals come the Swabians, their yellow caps showing well in the torchlight, and looking, as they are, the best fighters in the university. That bullet-headed fellow, turning round now and swearing at some of his followers, is the captain, supposed to be the best fighter in Germany with the peculiar kind of sword the students use, in their duels; the fair-haired pretty-looking lad by his side is the second in command, and famous for his left hand, with which he can wield a sword as few can wield it in their right. Following the Swabians come the Swiss, the youngest of the corps, having been only formed into a corps within the last year or two, but already famous for their captain, whom no duellist can mark, for their love of English porter, and the price they give for their cigars.

Already the Fackelzug has burnt its way far down the interminable High-street into the heart of the town, and still the torches come raving with yellow flames, and blurring the sky with pitchy smoke, till it seems like some glorious old painting which has not yet been utterly destroyed by falling into the cleaner's hands. And mark the individuality of character which begins to appear in each separate torch; how one burns low and sullen, with the remorseful tears of tar ever trickling down from it in black drops upon the hissing snow; and how others are mad to leap forth from their confinement, springing forth in forked tongues which lick the air, seeking prey, and, finding none, turn back with rage and venom of smoke upon each other: and how another waves aloft, calm and proud, as the plume on the helm of some ghostly knight who stalks along his nightly round through the scenes of his former glory.

But now, if we would see the crowning event of the Fackelzug, we must make a hurried journey through obscure back ways, for the High-street is impassable, to the Ludwigs Platz, where the torches are to be finally consumed.

II.

If I had been lying, in a lonely roadside inn, in a bed made to let up and down for the purpose of readily disposing of murdered travellers, and if I had been awakened by the entrance of the landlord of the said inn, with a huge carving-knife, and evident tiptoe blood-thirstiness of purpose, I verily believe I should have lain perfectly still and perfectly happy. For I awoke (on the morning succeeding the evening mentioned in the last chapter) in that delicious state of absolute repose when one's bed appears almost to be stuffed full of warm rose-leaves, and when the pillow adapts itself to one's head and neck as softly and as kindly as a round white arm. But it was no landlord who disturbed my slumbers; my old landlady had brought in my breakfast, and after talking with me for half an hour in a dialect my German was far too weak to grapple with, left me with the ejaculation of "Guten appetit!" which generally concluded her harangue.

Fragrant black coffee, in a brown jar, with a lid, fragrant hot milk, in a white jar, with a lid, and fragrant tiny milk rolls, composing my modest first breakfast, were the temptations which induced me to rise on my elbow and look the world in the face. But, with a strange perversity, instead of looking the world, or anything else, in the face, as they ought to have done, my thoughts turned back to the previous evening, and the previous week, and the previous month, and two or three months before that. And first of all, my thoughts made me go over every moment of the previous evening, as though it were a mosaic work, and I were under some moral obligation to reckon up all the stems of its composition; and then my thoughts plucked me back from it so many paces, as it were, so that I might observe better its whole design and picture. And then they kept whispering to me, "Why did you not live over this evening when you first came to Heidelberg? Then you would not have passed away the glorious autumn in listless idleness; and the brooding darkness of the approach of winter would have been full of sweet firelight dreams for you!"

Yes! The sweet brown eyes of Miss Leslie had filled my heart with a pleasant restlessness, which had taken advantage of my slumbers to become too strong for me, and to make me despise the cold and disregard my coffee.

I don't know how long I should have remained motionless, resting on my elbow, staring into vacancy, so far as the limits of my room would allow, had not my friend Palmore burst into the room, and in the shrillest of shrill tones, asked me whether I was not "ashamed of myself."

"It is really too bad, Beck. You know you promised to be ready; and now Ehrmann and Kepp will have fought before we can possibly get there!"

"Don't be frightened; we shall be there quite soon enough, my dear child."

"Ah! that reminds me, Beck! You will be kind enough in future not to call me a child. I don't mind when we are by ourselves, but I won't have it before people; just remember that!"

Ten minutes later we were on our way to the inn on the other side of the Neckar, which is the Chalk Farm of the Heidelberg students. Duels are so common in German universities, at least a dozen taking place every week, that in general very little interest is felt in them; but more than usual attention had been excited by those which were to take place this morning, because it was generally understood that at length the Vandals were to turn the tide of conquest, which had set in so steadily against them, and to overcome the Swabians. Werner, the second captain of the Swabians, and a left-handed fighter, was to contend with Baron von Lahneck, a Vandal, at least a head and shoulders taller than himself; Muller, the third captain of the Swabians, was to fight with the Vandal captain-in-chief; and a Swabian *Fuchs*, an Englishman from the West Indies, was to be matched against some man from another university, who was going to fight under the Vandal colors. Good judges were of opinion that in all these contests the yellow caps must succumb to the red.

As soon as we had reached the bridge we found that we were in plenty of time, for several of the gladiators who were to furnish the day's sport were walking quietly across it, and picturesque groups of all sorts of colored caps dotted the road beyond.

"Do you think there is any chance that the polizei will interfere to-day?"

"Well, I don't know; I shouldn't be at all surprised; the fellows have been chattering so about these duels all the last week. It wouldn't be a pleasant sort of day to have to hide in the woods for a few hours, half dressed, with a great gash through your cheek. The cold cuts one like a knife."

The "Hirsch" had been very well selected by the students as a place for proceedings not particularly admired by the authorities, for as it could only be approached by one long and straight path, and was backed by somewhat precipitous hills, clothed with wood, no hostile force could well reach the scene of action before the offenders had ample opportunity of escape. The first time I had seen it the season had been deep autumn, and it had then been so completely surrounded, wrapped up, and bound round, by clustering vines, that it seemed like a wild beast that had raged through a vineyard till its own fierce movements had woven for it an impenetrable net of twisted shoots and purple clusters. But now it was set on the hill-side like a toy on the slope of a twelfth-cake, and the vines had shrunk into some dead-looking sinews, glued against the walls like dry seaweed, or stretched from pole to pole like frozen clothes-lines. Inside, however, all was life and merriment, the parlor to the left being full of Prussian and Swabians, who never fight with each other, and that on the right being occupied by Vandals and Swiss. To while away the time which must still elapse before the fighting commenced, every one was engaged upon his second breakfast. And a serious thing the second breakfast is in Germany, depending more upon individual taste and caprice than any other meal that falls to the lot of man. A German second breakfast consists of a glass or two of cognac, or a pint or two of beer, a lump of bread, with sausage or ham, a cup of bouillon, or coffee, a half flask of Ruppertsberger, with a morsel of Swiss cheese, or dishes of veal cutlets, with any or all the liquors before mentioned. As for ourselves, Palmore and I, we ordered a flask of Rudesheimer, and had got into very shallow wine when a *Fuchs* put his head in at the door (as curtly as though the air inside the room were bitterly cold, and the atmosphere without, instead of being below zero, were aromatically warm,) and announced that the fighting was about to commence.

Going out by the back door, a few steps brought us to the barn in which the contests were to take place. Some few years previously a great square room in the upper part of the inn itself was used for this purpose, but an intimation from the authorities had induced the landlord to exile his customers to a spot in which their duels gained in picturesqueness what they lost in convenience.

Stand with me at the door of the barn for a moment, and you will see the whole scene. Looking towards Heidelberg, you must look down the narrow path already mentioned, across the Neckar, now frozen over, with the exception of a small current in the very middle, which runs on like a brook to tell its grievances to the Rhine—across the Neckar to the town, whose white roofs zig-zag like so many outworks to the castle, which itself is the very girl of time, and ever fair and graceful, sits among the eternal hills, wearing their winter or their summer with still unchanging beauty. Turning to the right, you look across a dazzling plain of snow, in which village roofs and spires of cities flash like the gems on the bosom of a queen. Right across to the Hart Mountains, which, changeless from eternity, now wreath and melt, and fold away before the eye, like the mist in the hollow of a Somersetshire vale. Then turn to the left, and the valley of the Neckar opens to your view—opens and closes; opens with the soft swelling slopes of the limestone, clothed with the pine and the larch, and closes with the precipice of granite, where the broom scarcely finds a footing, and the heath is scantily fed.

Down a short flight of steps, leading from an upper loft into the barn, the champions descend, fully equipped for the fight, and so enveloped in heavy bandages, and so altered in appearance by the great iron spectacles which they wear to protect the eyes, that it is almost difficult to recognise them. They take their station on their appointed places, and the sword-arm of each is supported in an horizontal position until the word is given to commence. Werner and the Baron von Lahneck are the first pair. The Swabian, a tall, good-humored-looking giant, and the Vandal, a rather short, dark, grim-looking man, who in fighting has this disagreeable peculiarity, that he cares very little how often he is hit himself, provided he can slash his adversary. A Prussian student acts as umpire, and gives the word of command:—"Stand your ground! Make ready! Fight!" The Vandal rushes in, whirls his sword high into the air with a sharp zig-zag stroke, and brings it down twice in furious succession upon his adversary's head; but the latter has been on the alert, and, having warded off the blows, gives his weapon a sudden switch, which would have gone clean through the Vandal's much-suffering nose had not his second caught the blow on his own sword, and cried out, "Halt!" "Wherefore halt?" says the second on the other side. The umpire looks the same inquiry, and the Vandal's friend declares that his schlager, or sword, has got bent. Examination being made, this is found not to be the case, and the second knew this himself well enough, and only made his declaration as an excuse for his interference. A second is allowed to interfere in this manner twice without any real reason, but on his doing it a third time he is compelled to retire from his office. The combat being renewed, the umpire himself suddenly cries "Halt!" and, going over to the Swabian, examines narrowly among his dark clustering locks; after a moment, he calls to the man leaning against the wall in the green cap, who is the doctor who always attends at the students' duels, and the latter, dabbing a sponge several times on the top of Werner's skull, brings it back covered with blood. The wound, however, is of no importance, and the combat is again renewed with various fortune, the baron receiving a good slash across his tawny forehead, and the Swabian having his rubicund cheek laid open in two or three places. The fifteen minutes, however, during which time alone the duels are allowed to last, elapse without any decided advantage on either side, and the fight ends a draw.

After an interval of some twenty minutes, during which the combatants had their wounds dressed, and most of the spectators indulged in a third breakfast, the second contest commenced between Kepp, the Swabian *Fuchs*, and Ehrmann, the stranger from Bonn. A good deal of interest was always felt among the English in Heidelberg whenever Kepp fought, as he was the only British subject who was a corps-student; and although his little pug-nose and bead like black eyes were anything but a favorable specimen of English beauty, and though his wild, fitful temper sometimes made him coax his friends like a little child, whilst at others he would rage against them with all the spiteful fury of a wounded cat, yet he always had our sympathy in his duels, and there was quite a little mob of English students at the barn door when the umpire once more exclaimed, "Stand your ground. Make ready. Fight!"

It was evident from the first half-dozen strokes that Kepp was overmatched. Again and again the appearance of a thin red streak on his forehead or cheeks caused the fight to be suspended till the surgeon had temporarily stanched the blood, which gushed forth like a live thing, as it was, as though it exulted to be free. Now Kepp was sufficiently brave, and had fought several good fights, but it was quite in accordance with his general character that he was subject to panics, and such a one now came upon him. Potter and I, who were standing close behind him, could hear him repeatedly whisper a sort of prayer to his second, who was also the captain of his corps, to suspend the duel, which can at any time be done without loss of honor. But the captain, who never knew either fear or fatigue himself, laughed at the idea, and compelled his man to go on. I was sorry I happened to stand in such a position as to be able to hear Kepp's expostulations, especially as Potter could hear them also, for I felt sure that the latter would manage to make some story out of it, in which he would not fail to involve me. And so it actually turned out.

Suddenly, just as the doctor was about to examine a neat little cut which Kepp had received across the nose, a commotion took place among the students crowded about the door, and a cry of "Polizei, Polizei!" filled every one with consternation. A general rush takes place for the hills and the woods. The combatants, flinging aside their accoutrements as they run, fly side by side in the most amicable manner from the only real foe. In a couple of minutes not a student was to be seen, and the police were left to console themselves for the ill success of their expedition by seizing half-a-dozen schlagers and a few leather jerkins.

III.

Winter still held a firm grip on the earth, but all the world was summer-time to me. The instinct which had made me seek Snelly Leslie's love had been a true one, and in spite of ten thousand shocks of fear, which, after all, were not all pain, I found myself gradually taking the place, if not of an accepted, at least of a recognised and not unfavored lover. At first, I had been treated for some time with a hearty cordiality and kindness, which had almost driven me to despair, for I soon found that I only shared these benefits with all those who came within the range of a heart so full of health and warmth that it was quite inexhaustible either of coldness or reserve. What I began to seek, therefore, from the girl I loved, were not welcome words and sweet, kind looks, but silence and all the signs of shrinking fear. Selfish as most men are in love, I soon learned how to torture the poor child who had scarcely as yet known what suffering was. Harshness and unkindness were so new to her, that they filled her with a vague terror, and I remember well the feeling of delight and triumph with which I first observed in her eyes that look of mingled fear and anger, which was only meant for me, and was not shared with all the rest of the world. When I had once become to her something which others were not, I felt that I had some chance of winning her. The hearty, girlish hand-grasp she generally gave to her acquaintance, became for me a silent laying of her hand in mine. If she spoke to me, her words would suddenly pause, fearing to offend me. When we met, she would give one timid glance to see whether I were angry with her or not. Slowly, slowly, she began to see my meaning, and our hearts grew near together.

As I became more and more intimate with the Leslies, I was curious to observe what effect it would have on Potter, and I soon found that he was deeply annoyed. We generally met two or three times a week at Lilienfeld, and walked back together into Heidelberg, but from the moment we left the house no word respecting the Leslies ever passed between us, although, whilst with them, we were perfectly friendly and familiar, and conversed freely at all other times on any other subject. I could not discover that my unconcealed admiration for Miss Leslie caused him any anxiety, for he devoted almost all his attention to her sister, who was quite a Beatrice in her way, and scolded and laughed at him heartily.

But just as the party at Lilienfeld had floated down placidly through the winter and had reached the confines of spring, sickness came among us, and took all the laughter from our hearts. Miss Mary, who, although without any of the appearance of blooming health possessed by her sister, had always been remarkably well and cheerful, suddenly sickened and faded into a dim likeness of herself. At first it was a cold and cough, which excited only jocose pity and prescriptions of gruel, and hot water and flannel; then mamma became anxious, and sent for the great German medical man, Dr. Papelt, and after the old gentleman had come through the miry roads a few times, his patient grew so much better that he declared his visits were no longer necessary. And for a few days his patient was better, but after that the cold returned, and the aguish fever, and the doctor had to be sent for again, and declared that his patient was ten times worse than when he had first seen her, and admitted with much self reproach that he had discontinued his visits too soon. Potter and I made faint offers of discontinuing our visits, but the lads of the family persuaded mamma to say it was not necessary, if we would only be tolerably quiet. Now and then we were allowed to see Miss Mary, when she was well enough to leave her bed and lie for a few minutes on a sofa, and each time she was paler and weaker, and her eyes were more querulous with pain. As I turned from her and gazed upon her sister, and rejoiced at her abounding health, I could not but feel sometimes a pang of deep reproach mingling with my pleasure.

Although our visits to Lilienfeld did not altogether cease, of course we went there much less frequently now than formerly, and were thrown back upon the student life for the amusements of our evenings. Once more we passed long evenings in playing billiards in the Cafe Wachter, where the great English bull-dog, which belongs to the proprietor, appears to be continually turning up his nose at the Germans around him. And once more we spent long afternoons and evenings in making what the students call beer-journeys, up the long High-street; the simple rule of conduct in such peregrinations being, that you must drink at least a glass of beer at every bier brauerei you come to. And a long course it is from the Dittancy—where the little maid with the rose-leaf cheeks flirts with every comer—to the Maicrei—where the marble bride, as she is not unaptly called, flashes disdain from her dark eyes on student and citizen alike. Sometimes, again, we joined the Swabians at their keneipe, or private meeting-room.

On one of these latter occasions Potter and I were returning homewards with Kepp, the West Indian, already mentioned, and who, as was usual with him when he had been drinking, was in a state which was more like madness than drunkenness. At one moment he ran over all the list of his debts, and rushed

off to throw himself into the Neckar in despair; at another he burst into tears, and besought us not to let the university authorities know he was drunk, as he would certainly be expelled, and ruined for life; then again he was resolved to have something more to drink, and insisted upon throwing stones up at the windows of all his acquaintances, to make them afford him the means of continuing his festivities. As these efforts proved unsuccessful, he suddenly sank into a fit of sulky silence; and I was just hoping that we should be able to get him quietly to bed without further trouble, when he turned round upon me and said, "Beck! I find you have been saying that I was frightened in my duel with Ehrmann, and I shall just box your ears for you!" I declared that I had done no such thing, and stepped back to be out of his reach, having no wish to receive a blow which I could not, in his state, return. I called out to Potter to keep him back; and as we were all of us now in the street where we resided, I thought my best plan would be to turn in to my own lodging, to avoid even the chance of a drunken strife. I had just reached my own door, and was congratulating myself on having avoided a quarrel with Kepp, whom I rather liked, when I received a blow from behind on the side of my face, which made me for some moments feel as though I had just awaked from a painful dream, and could not quite remember where I had been sleeping. Turning round, I found Kepp standing close behind me, with a drunken smile on his face, and a look of triumph in his two black, bead-like eyes, whilst Potter stood beside him, with a face beaming satisfaction.

"Who told you, Kepp, that I said you were frightened when you fought with Ehrmann?" I asked.

"Potter told me; didn't you, Potter?"

The look of satisfaction faded away from Potter's countenance as he began to stammer out some explanation, which I did not stay to hear.

When I had reached my room I sat down to ponder over my situation, and I was by no means pleased with it, not because I had to fight a duel, but because, not being a corps-student, I knew I should find it very difficult to find a second, and because the fighting a duel would, very probably, involve my leaving Heidelberg. The next morning I was awakened by the entrance of my little American friend Patmore, who usually came about nine o'clock to give me what he called a good rousing, and to him I confided my perplexity respecting the obtaining a second.

"Well, you see, Beck, I should be delighted to be your second myself"—the little fellow was not much more than sixteen, and about four feet in height—"but the fact is, that if you fight a corps-student, you must have a corps-student for your second."

I remembered that this was the fact, and it was particularly annoying, as the only corps-students I knew were Swabians, and they could not, of course, act in any way against their own comrade. Patmore, however, said he could arrange the matter for me, by persuading his friend Deweis, a member of the Swiss corps, to act as my second, and he went off to speak with him on the subject.—In the course of half an hour he returned, accompanied by Deweis, who expressed himself so perfectly ready to take upon himself the somewhat troublesome and even dangerous office of second for one who was a perfect stranger to him, adding that my "request was one which no man of honor could refuse." He left me with a promise that he would call upon Kepp in the course of the morning, and meet me again at three o'clock, to let me know the result of the interview.

As I had no papers I wished to leave, and no property to leave, my preparations for the possibility that a pistol-ball would go through my heart within the next four-and-twenty hours, were very few. I wrote a letter of farewell to one of my brothers, I went to the bank and drew some money, and then walked over to Lilienfeld. I found that Miss Mary was worse, and I only stayed, therefore, a few minutes, to say that I should probably be compelled to leave Heidelberg in a day or two, and might not see them again for some time. Mrs. Leslie said that she was very sorry to lose me, and that the kind attention I had paid to her boys when she could not attend to them herself, had been a great comfort to her. Miss Leslie looked up with a quick, startled look, and then turned pale. I would have given the world for one minute's conversation alone; but, as it was, I was forced to leave with a heart burdened with one of the worst of burdens, enforced silence.

So I went back towards Heidelberg, looking at everything with the eyes which look for the last time. I learnt by heart all the outlines of the hills; gazed earnestly at every little cottage built in the granite nooks along the roadside; took note of the long wicker-work wagons drawn by the earnest-browed oxen; and speculated on the future life of every child I met.

By the time I had reached Heidelberg, it was one o'clock, which is, as every one knows, the universal dinner-hour in Germany. As I was quite sure that my little affair with Kepp was by this time the talk of the whole town, and as I was naturally unwilling to be questioned on the subject, I avoided dining at any of my usual haunts, and plunged into the depths of the Silver Stag, which is frequented by two very different sets of persons, the one being that of the poorer class of students, and the other that of the richer class of boaters, or peasants. The former you may know by their having very narrow trowsers, very narrow coats, very long hair, very thin faces, and very little money; whilst the latter are distinguished by immense cloaks, enormous breeches, hair cropped close to their heads, big, swollen faces, and great leather purses, stuffed full of thalers.

After I had eaten a dinner of four courses, smoked two or three cigars, and drank a pint of red wine—all most excellent of their kind—and paid my reckoning, which amounted to a number of kreutzers, equivalent to thirteen pence, I found that it was nearly three o'clock, and sallied forth to Deweis's rooms.

"It is all arranged, Beck," he said, when I at length descried him through the thick cloud of tobacco smoke with which he and Patmore had filled, and were filling, his apartment—"it is all arranged. Kepp declines to give the apology in writing I demanded in your name, and you are to meet with pistols at the foot of the Geisberg at a quarter past six; a train starts for France at half-past, and the distance from the spot we have chosen to the railway only takes five minutes."

I expressed my thanks to Deweis in the warmest terms for the trouble he had taken, and then, the subject being dropped by mutual consent, Patmore, he and I sat down to a game of euchre, of which the former was passionately fond, and which he had inoculated, so to speak, the whole university.

After we had played some time, Patmore suddenly looked up, and said—

"By-the-by, Beck, you may want some money; take this," and he threw over towards me a well-filled purse.

Before I had time to speak, Deweis interposed—

"No, that is the second's duty. I have it all ready, and a passport as well."

And he handed me at the same time a packet, which had a remarkably wealthy chink as I laid it on the table.

"Well, if you give him the money, he can have my passport. I'll run round to the office and get it directly," replied Patmore.

I accepted Patmore's passport, as I did not wish to get my own; but I was able to prove to both my kind friends that I was in no need of money.

After we had prepared for the eventuality of my proving victorious in the conflict, we turned our attention to the other probability; and I remember, with some shame, the calm, heroic tone with which my companions, and, I am afraid, myself also, discussed the chance that I should be lying dead before the evening.

When it was time to start, Patmore said—

"I have one more question to ask"—I thought he was about to allude to my friends in England, and I winced as he spoke—"one serious question; have you any cigars?"

I replied, with a smile, that I had quite forgotten to provide myself with any, and I had again to decide between two competitors; Patmore insisting that I should take his cigar-case crammed with choice Manillas, and adorned with a picture of the Lorelei; whilst Deweis was equally urgent that I should take his; the temptation being Havanas that cost twelve kreutzers apiece, and a group of very pink nymphs bathing under very green trees.

What took place during the next half-hour I can but very dimly remember. I recollect coming to an open space between trees, damp and muddy, and strewn with last autumn's leaves. A little group of men were standing at the farther end. Patmore grasped my hand, and said—

"I am not allowed to stay."

And then Deweis said—

"This is your ground; you fire directly after the other man."

I looked straight before me, and saw Kepp's little black eyes, and small nose scarred by the wound I had seen it receive, and that was all I could see of him. I am sure the evening was clear, and it was far from being dark as yet, but I could see nothing more than the little eyes and the little nose. Then even these were obscured by a little wreath of smoke, and a sharp, whizzing sound rushed past me. Then my hand felt as a school-boy's feels when his writing-master tries to guide it along a line of round text, and the fingers moved, but with some impulse which I could not recognize as coming from myself, and the next moment I heard a cry, "He is dead!" And I remember nothing more until I found myself in a railway carriage, and Patmore's voice said—

"Here is your ticket straight through to Paris. Don't take it to heart; you only did what you were obliged to do."

When the first shock of what had happened had gone by, I must confess that I soon recovered my equanimity. A fortnight's enjoyment of the pleasures of Paris made me almost regard it with complacency. But, nevertheless, at the end of that time, I read with tears of deep gratitude to Providence a letter from Patmore, in which he told me that Kepp had not been mortally wounded, and that there was good reason to hope that he would recover. "I refrained from writing to you before, old fellow, lest it might lead to unpleasant consequences. But I shall write every week now. The whole thing has been kept wonderfully quiet as yet, Kepp being popularly supposed to have dislocated his shoulder."

Week after week I received letters of similar import, and at length, after an interval of about two months, Patmore's letter concluded thus—"I think you may come back directly, my dearest Beck, in perfect safety. Of course there is a vague rumor all over the town about the matter, but nothing is known for certain, and as Kepp (who sends his kindest love to you, and swears he will go down on his knees to you and beg your pardon when you return) is almost quite well, you have very little to fear. You will find the old place just the same as when you left it; indeed, there has been no change that I know of, except that two or three families have arrived, and that an English girl, whom scarcely any one knew, a Miss Leslie, has died of fever. The Anglo-American Club met last Saturday evening, and I was in the chair," &c.

This mention of my return to Heidelberg in such close conjunction with the Leslie family made my heart beat fast indeed. The news of the death of poor Miss Mary caused me a passing pang; but then I had long expected it, and I had been so completely absorbed by my admiration for her sister, that I really knew very little of her, frequently as I had been in her company.

By the next train after the arrival of Patmore's letter I was on my way to Heidelberg. Within eighteen hours I was once more in my old rooms in the Kettengasse. My first visit was paid to Kepp—he was out; my next—need I say it?—was to Lilienfeld. As I passed under the Carl-thor, and entered the shadow of the walnut-trees (now, alas! cut down to make room for the new railroad), I felt that the course of my whole future life depended upon the events of the hour. My heart beat quick with impatience, but I walked more slowly and more slowly as I drew nearer my destination. My head bent languidly in vague thought—my eyes were fixed upon the ground.

"Mr. Beck!"

My name was uttered by a voice which I well knew, but which was, ah! so much sadder than when I had earlier known it. I looked up and saw Mrs. Leslie and her daughter sitting on a bench in a little nook amidst the rocks, just beyond their garden wall. They were in the deepest mourning, even wore heavy crape veils. Mrs. Leslie lifted up hers as she spoke to me, and gazed at me with a look of kindness and of sorrow which almost made my heart break. She tried to speak to me on indifferent subjects; to ask me where I had been, to tell me her own plans; but her words were too often interrupted by sobs. I tried to speak in my turn; to speak of the death of her daughter Mary; to ask if she died in pain; but my voice failed me, and I was silent.

At length Mrs. Leslie turned to her daughter, and said, "Will you not speak to him, my dear?"

Then—then!

Oh! days and months and years that have passed since then, give me patience as I think of it. Soothe, for Heaven's sake, soothe this beating agony of heart and brain, as I remember what I saw when the girl drew back her veil.

It was Mary who sat there!

For a moment I thought that it was really Miss Leslie—Emily—but that grief had altered her—that my tears had blinded me—that I had lost my senses! Then, after that moment, I saw that I was not mistaken, that it was really Mary on whom I gazed, and I shrieked aloud, as I clasped my hands in agony, "Who was it who died, then?"

For weeks I tossed restlessly in the delirious life of a world which none can know but those whom brain fever has led near to the confines of death. Afterwards, on the shores of the lake of Geneva, holding my hand in his Patmore told me how it had all happened. How Emily, my Emily—even now my Emily though dead—had suddenly sickened from fever; how the exhaustion resulting from her constant attendance on her sister had so weakened her constitution as to render her an easy prey to such an attack; and how she had died calmly on the fifth day, murmuring my name.

THE REGULARS AND THE VOLUNTEERS.—A Washington correspondent of the World says—

"Any one who comes in daily contact with officers of the regular army, will scarcely fail to observe that, as a rule, they are much less in earnest than the officers of volunteers, generally. With the former, fighting may be said to have become a vocation, and too many of them estimate all fights pretty much alike. Whether it is that the routine of military education and subsequent service in some sort unfits men for taking broad and comprehensive views of great public questions; or whether long contact with arbitrary force renders them less susceptible to the influence of gentler impulses—such as have moved mothers to bid their sons to take their lives in their hands and hurry to the field—it is not easy to determine. Probably all together have operated and still operate unfavorably to bring about this unfortunate result.

"Now, superior knowledge touching certain things does not justify its possessor in despising every man who knows less. Nor do education and experience always make men wise and capable. Genius is inborn, not acquired, and not all the West Points in the universe can make a Bonaparte. There may be military genius that never has felt the quickening influences of any military school, and may never be developed except in actual service. Common sense and common justice demand that every man who offers his services in this emergency be fairly treated. The people cannot see why Ball's Bluff is less reprehensible than Big Bethel; nor will any official whitewashing help the case at present."

AN INCIDENT AT CHURCH.—At one of our churches yesterday, the clergyman, while processing in a very earnest discourse, said that no man could be first rate in two different occupations, adding, among other things, "No man can at the same time be a first rate clock maker and a first rate boot maker." Here a man in the congregation, rising swiftly, interrupted him and asked permission to controvert that sentiment. He maintained stoutly that it was not true, for he himself was first rate at both clock making and boot making. He could match the best at making a boot, and work at a clock with the best man in Worcester. Of course there was a great stir in the congregation, but the clergyman soon induced his critic to yield the floor and allow him to go on with his discourse.—*Worcester Spy, 2d.*

PORTABLE ORGAN.—Thomas Chappell, a journeyman painter, of New Market, England, has invented a portable organ, 5 feet long, 5 feet high, and 2 feet from front to back, comprising only 36 horizontal pipes, each of which has a valve resembling those upon the flute, and so ingeniously arranged as to be capable of producing all the different keys and notes throughout the chromatic scale. It consists of one set of pipes, instead of the several requisite in a common organ, an *open diapason and principal* with 36 notes, possessing the power of upwards of 112 pipes. This instrument is pronounced to be perfect in every part, and to be sufficiently powerful to accompany the singing in any place of worship. The inventor has already sold two of his instruments at the price of thirty guineas.

☞ An exchange noticed "a lady in our streets, recently arrayed in the national colors, and she created quite a sensation. She had red hair, blue eyes, and a snow white neck." It is said she is for Union.

☞ To prevent a kitchen door from creaking, get a servant girl whose beau comes to the house to see her.

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CONGRESS.

SENATE.

On the 17th, Senator Lane, of Kansas, made a speech relative to the war, taking ground against protecting slavery, and in favor of freedom and military action. Mr. Carlisle, of Va., replied—taking opposite grounds.

On the 18th, a resolution was offered to expel Trusten Polk, Senator from Missouri, as a traitor. Referred to the Committee of the Judiciary.

The resolution offered by Mr. Sumner that the army shall not be used to surrender fugitive slaves, was taken up.

Mr. Sumner said: Brigadier-General Stone, the well-known commander at Ball's Bluff, has now added to his achievements there by engaging actively in the work of surrendering fugitive slaves. This he does most successfully. This simple question is, whether a fugitive slave shall be surrendered to a rebel. For the honor of the national army this has a peculiar interest at this time; because Brigadier-General Stone has seen fit to impose this vile and unconstitutional duty on Massachusetts troops.

The Governor of my state has charged me with a communication to the Secretary of War on this subject, complaining of this outrage, treating it as an act of indignity to the men, and as an act unworthy of our national flag. I agree with the Governor of Massachusetts, and when I now call attention to this abuse, I make myself his representative, as also the representative of my own feelings.

The resolution was agreed to.

On the 19th, Mr. Sumner (Mass.) presented petitions, numerously signed, for the emancipation of slaves, with compensation to loyal masters.

Mr. Wade (Ohio) presented a petition from citizens of Ohio, asking that John C. Fremont be appointed Lieutenant-General.

Mr. Willey, of Va., has made a speech in which he said that especially was the South favored, and consequently there could be no grievance as a cause for rebellion. As a Virginia Senator and a slaveholder, he declared that the South always got what she demanded. He commended the proclamations of those Generals who declared it was not their intention to interfere with loyal institutions, and expressed his gratification that the President, in his message, had reiterated his fidelity to the Constitution. He declared that by no efforts of his should slavery be extended, though he believed it was necessary for the present that the African race should be kept in bondage. He gave a brief sketch of the rise of Secession, and declared that it was the result of a long concocted conspiracy, as was avowed by the leaders of the rebellion. He argued at some length against the doctrine of secession, and contended that the only cause of secession was hostility to the democratic principles of a Republican Government.

On the 20th, a report from the Military Committee, with a joint resolution expressing recognition of the gallantry of General Lyon and the soldiers under his command at Springfield.

Mr. Pomeroy (Kansas) made a few remarks in eulogy of the character of General Lyon, with a sketch of the battle of Springfield, where the warrior of this war ended his gallant and well-spent life, and a tribute to the gallantry and bravery of his soldiers.

Mr. Dixon (Conn.) also spoke of the true worth and devotion to the country which characterized Gen. Lyon. Had Lyon lived, he thought the disasters in Missouri would not have occurred.

The resolution was passed.

Mr. Trumbull (Ill.) reported back from the Committee on the Judiciary the bill to abolish the Supreme Court, and asked to be discharged from the further consideration of the subject. They were accordingly discharged.

Mr. Hale (N. H.) said, with all due deference, that he thought the Committee had not acted up to their duty.

The resolution offered by Mr. Saulsbury (Del.) calling on the Secretary of War for a copy of the proclamation of Gen. Phelps, and by what authority it had been made, was taken up.

Mr. Trumbull moved to amend so as to include the proclamations made by all other generals.

Mr. Wilson thought there was no necessity for sending for the proclamations. Generals were appointed to use the sword and not the pen, and if they do not use the sword better than the pen, they should be mustered out of the service. The best thing to be done was to make a statute that no general shall be allowed to make any proclamations.

Mr. Saulsbury wanted a disavowal from the Administration that no authority had been given for such a proclamation.

Mr. Rice (Minn.) said that if the subordinate officers have not carried out the wishes of the President, it was his duty to correct the wrong. He moved to lay the resolution on the table. Agreed to.

After remarks by Mr. Willey, of Va., adjourned till Monday.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 17th, Mr. Eliot's resolution proposing the emancipation of slaves of rebels, were opposed by Mr. Harding, of Ky.

Mr. Kellogg (Ill.) moved that the resolutions now under consideration, and all those relating to the subject, included in the same special order, be referred to the Committee on the Judiciary. Agreed to—yeas 77, nays 57.

Mr. Van Wyck's Report of the Committee on Contracts, &c., was submitted, showing the prevalence of great corruption in the management of purchases and contracts for the government.

Mr. Cox (Ohio) from the Committee on Foreign Affairs, reported a bill appropriating $1,000 as full compensation to the owners of the British ship Perthshire, in consequence of her detention by the steamer Massachusetts, in June last, for a supposed breach of the blockade at the port of Mobile. Mr. Cox referred to the fact that the President, in his Message, had recommended this satisfaction. Besides, the papers in the case show it to be a just one.

On the 18th, Mr. Dawes, (Mass.) from the Committee on Elections, reported a resolution that Charles Henry Foster is not entitled to a seat in this Congress, either from the First or Second District of North Carolina. Mr. Dawes said that the Committee had pursued the investigation so far as to be entirely satisfied that the claim was founded on imposition, and so well satisfied of this fact was Mr. Foster himself that he had voluntarily abandoned the claim. The resolution was adopted.

The further consideration of the Homestead bill was postponed till the first Monday in February, by a vote of 88 against 5 nays.

On the 19th, the House resumed the consideration of the bill providing for the construction of twenty iron-clad steam gunboats to be built by contract or otherwise, as the Secretary of the Navy may deem best for the public interest.

Mr. Sedgwick—There is no difficulty in obtaining the material for the construction of these vessels, save the iron plates for their protection. These plates have to be very large—fifteen feet, at least, in length, forty inches in breadth, and four and a half inches in thickness, and so beat as to fit the model of the vessel. If the Department is at liberty to purchase these plates wherever they can be found, they can be constructed, but I cannot find a man who will clothe these vessels with such armor upon an advertisement of five, ten or twenty days.

If the Navy Department is to be confined in the mode of having this work done, it may just as well prevent them from building the vessels at all. You are voting for hundreds of millions of dollars to support an army that is going into winter quarters for summer weather, and you refuse to vote twelve millions of dollars for fitting out naval expeditions that will penetrate into every harbor occupied by the rebels. If we do not have the vessels now in our yards and ready to be sent away on these expeditions, I guarantee there would not be a southern harbor, with twelve feet of water on the bar, that would not be in our possession in four months after these vessels are constructed. It is the only way in which the rebellion can be put down. I move the previous question on the amendment.

The call was sustained, the question on an amendment voted down, and the bill passed.

On the 20th, Mr. Stevens (Pa.) reported a bill appropriating $150,000 to complete the defences of Washington. Passed.

The House passed the Senate Bill providing for transmitting allotments of pay of volunteers to their families and friends, and authorizing the state to appoint three persons to visit the several departments of the army and receive the money. The provisions of the former law allowing liens to suitlers on soldiers' pay is repealed, and all regulations on the subject abrogated beyond the rules and articles of war.

Mr. Wickliffe (Ky.) presented the resolutions of the Kentucky Legislature in favor of relieving Ireland in view of the prevalent famine. Referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

Mr. Julian (Ind.) offered a resolution that the Committee on the Judiciary be instructed to report a bill, so amending the fugitive slave law of 1850, as to forbid the recapture or return of any fugitive from labor, without satisfactory proof being first made, that the claimant of such fugitives is loyal to the government.

Mr. Wickliffe (Ky.) ineffectually appealed to Mr. Julian so to amend the resolution as to confine its operation to the citizens of states which have or may secede.

The resolution was passed—yeas 82, nays 39.

Mr. Lovejoy (Ill.) offered a resolution that the Committee on the Judiciary report a bill for the confiscation of all the property of citizens found in armed rebellion against the government of the United States, and such as said and abet the rebellion, and the unconditional liberation of their slaves, and protection of the slaves from recapture by the rebel masters.

The House refused, by a vote of 89 yeas against 80 nays, to order the previous question on the passage of the resolution.

Such action was thereafter taken as had the effect of laying the whole subject on the table by two majority.

Mr. Wilson offered a resolution directing the Committee on Military Affairs to report a bill providing an additional article of war by which all officers of the army shall be prohibited from using any portion of the force under their respective commands for the purpose of returning fugitives from service or labor, and providing for the punishment of such officers by dismissal from the service.

Pending the consideration of the resolution, the House adjourned till Monday.

FROM PORT ROYAL.

The steamer Atlantic has arrived at New York with Port Royal dates to the 19th inst. She brings 120,000 pounds of Sea Island cotton, gathered by the negroes under the direction of government agents.

Four hundred thousand pounds of cotton have been secured and will be shipped by the next steamer.

This cotton, of which there has not been a bale in four markets for a long time, will bring fifty to fifty-five cents per pound now, so that the whole amount is worth probably a quarter of a million of dollars.

The steamer Vanderbilt was passed off Hatteras, going south, and soon after another large steamer going south.

General Stevens' brigade of 4,000 men occupies Beaufort, Lady Island, St. Helena and Bay Point.

General Viele's expedition has been abandoned.

General Sherman had issued orders that all the reporters are to leave the place immediately—but revoked them.

The number of troops about Port Royal is about 20,000.

Part of the stone fleet was off Savannah, and the rest had gone to Charleston. Seven teen vessels of the stone fleet were at Hilton Head when the Atlantic sailed.

Four hundred of our men, on the 16th crossed to the mainland, toward the Charleston and Savannah railroad, and encountered a rebel force of 1,500, who retreated, after firing a volley without effect.

The 4th New Hampshire regiment had gone to Tybee Island. The balance of Wright's brigade would follow.

The special correspondence of the New York Tribune from Port Royal, gives no doubtful rumor of the defeat of the rebel Commodore Hollins, and the sinking of a ship by the Massachusetts.

Universal depression is reported throughout the South. New Orleans is particularly depressed.

A great negro insurrection is reported in Mississippi, by which an immense amount of property was destroyed, including $150,000 worth on the Quitman estate alone.

THE NEGROES.—The Navy Department has received dispatches from Port Royal, including one from Commander Drayton, dated December 9th. He gives the particulars of his recent cruise in the Pawnee, with the Unadilla, Isaac Smith and Vixen, in the exploration of the Ashepoo river. Among other things he states that, on the approach to Musquito creek, he saw a picket of soldiers, who took to their horses on his approach, and hastened in their flight by a shot or two thrown at them.

On landing at Hutchinson island it was ascertained that, two days before, all the negro houses, overseer's house and outbuildings, together with the picked cotton, had been burned. The attempt had, at the same time been made to drive off the negroes; but many had escaped, although some of their number, they said, had been shot in attempting to do so. The scene was one of complete desolation. The smoking ruins, and the cowering figures which surrounded them of these negroes, who still instinctively clung to their hearth-stones, although there was no longer a shelter for them, presented a melancholy sight, the impression of which was made even stronger by the piteous wails of the poor creatures, a large portion of whom were old and decrepid.

About one hundred and forty negroes, most of them in a very destitute condition, had collected at Otter Island. Commander Drayton directed that proper directions to supply them with food until some disposition could be made of them.

GENERAL SCOTT'S LETTER.

My Dear Sir:—You were right in doubting the declaration imputed to me, to writ: that the Cabinet at Washington had given orders to seize Messrs. Mason and Slidell, even under a neutral flag; for I was not even aware that the Government had had that point under consideration. At the time of my leaving New York, it was known that the Trent had returned to the American seas; and it was generally supposed those persons had escaped to Cuba for the purpose of re-embarking in the Nashville, in pursuit of which vessel the James Adger and other cruisers had been dispatched.

I think I can satisfy you in a few words that you have no serious occasion to feel concerned about our relations with England, if, as her rulers profess, she has no disposition to encourage the dissensions in America.

In the first place, it is almost superfluous to say to you, that every instinct of prudence as well as of good neighborhood, prompts our Government to regard no honorable sacrifice too great for the preservation of the friendship of Great Britain. This must be obvious to all the world. At no period of our history has her friendship been of more importance to our people—at no period has our Government been in a condition to make greater concessions to preserve it. The two nations are united by interests and sympathies—commercial, social, political and religious—almost as the two arms to one body, and no one is so ignorant as not to know that what harms one must harm the other in a corresponding degree.

I am persuaded that the British Government can entertain no doubt upon this point; but if it does, I feel that I may take it upon myself to say that the President of the United States, whom unhappily are in existence, will lose no opportunity of dispelling it.

Nor is there anything, I venture to affirm, in the seizure of these rebel emissaries which ought to receive an unfriendly construction from England. Her statesmen will not question the legal right of an American vessel of war to search any commercial vessel justly suspected of transporting contraband of war; that right has been asserted and exercised by England; it was even guaranteed to her by the Treaty of Paris, and British guns frowning down upon nearly every strait and inland sea upon the globe, are conclusive evidence that she regarded this right as one the efficacy of which may be not yet entirely extinguished. Of course there is much that is irritating and vexatious in the exercise of this right under the most favorable circumstances, and it is to be regretted that it will be frequent when the maritime states of the world will agree in placing neutral commerce beyond the reach of such vexations. The United States Government has been striving to this end for more than fifty years; and to this end, early in the present century, and in its infancy as a nation, it embarked in a war with the greatest naval power in the world; and it is even now in treaty with almost every maritime court in Europe for a more liberal recognition of the rights of neutrals than any of the other great maritime nations have yet been disposed to make. But till those rights are secured by proper international guarantees, upon a comprehensive and enduring basis, of course England cannot complain of an act for which, in all its material bearings, her own naval history affords such numerous precedents.

Whether the captives from the Trent were contraband of war or not, is a question which the two governments can have no serious difficulty in agreeing upon. If Mr. Seward cannot show that Earl Russell that they are, I have no doubt Earl Russell will be able to satisfy Mr. Seward that they were not. If they were, as all authorities concur in admitting, agents of the rebellion, it will be difficult to satisfy impartial minds that they were any less contraband than a file of rebel soldiers or a battery of hostile cannon.

But even should there be a difference of opinion upon this point, it is very clear that our Government had sufficient grounds for presuming itself in the right, to escape the suspicion of having wantonly violated the relation of amity which the two countries professed to entertain and cultivate.

The pretence that we ought to have taken the Trent into port, and had her condemned by a prize court, in order to justify our seizure of four of her passengers, furnishes a very narrow basis on which to found a serious controversy between two great nations.—Stated in other words, an offence would have been less if it had been greater. The wrong done to the British flag would have been mitigated if, instead of seizing the four rebels, we had seized the ship, detained all her passengers for weeks, and confiscated her cargo. I am not surprised that Captain Wilkes took a different view of his duty, and of the case was due to the friendly relations which subsisted between the two governments. The renowned common sense of the English people, I believe, will approve of his efforts to make the discharge of a very unpleasant duty as little vexatious as possible to all innocent parties.

If, under these circumstances, England should deem it her duty, in the interest of civilization, to insist upon the restoration of the men taken from under the protection of her flag, it will be from a conviction, without doubt, that the laws of nations in regard to the rights of neutrals, which she has taken the leading part in establishing, receive no revision, and with a suitable disposition on her part to establish those rights upon a just, humane, and philosophic basis. Indeed, I am happy to see an intimation in one of the leading metropolitan journals which inclines to justify this inference. Referring to the decisions of the English Admiralty Courts, now quoted in defence of the seizure of the American rebels on board the Trent, the London Times, of the 28th of November, says:—

"So far as the authorities go, the testimony of international law writers is all one way that a belligerent war cruiser has a right to stop and visit and search any merchant ship on the high seas. * * * But it must be remembered that these decisions were given under circumstances very different from those which now occur. Steamers in those days did not exist, and mail vessels carrying letters wherein all the nations of the world have immediate interest, were unknown. We were fighting for existence, and we did in those days what we should neither do nor allow others to do, and expect ourselves to be allowed to do in these days."

If England, as we are here encouraged to hope, is disposed to do her part in stripping a war of half its horrors, by accepting the policy long and persistently urged upon her by our Government, and commended by every principle of justice and humanity, she will find no ground, in the visit of the Trent, for controversy with our Government. I am sure the President and people of the United States would be but too happy to let these men go free, unnatural and unpardonable as their offences have been, if by it they could emancipate the commerce of the world.—Greatly as it would be to our disadvantage, at this present crisis, to surrender any of those maritime privileges of belligerents which are sanctioned by the laws of nations, I feel that I take no responsibility in saying, that the United States will be faithful to her traditional policy upon this subject, and to the spirit of her political institutions.

On the other hand, should England be unprepared to make a corresponding sacrifice; should she feel that she could not yet afford to surrender the advantages which the present maritime code gives to a dominant naval power, of course she will not put herself in a false position by asking us to do it. In either case, therefore, I do not see how the friendly relations of the two governments are in any immediate danger of being disturbed.

That the over-prompt recognition, as belligerents, of a body of men, however large, so long as they constituted a manifest minority of the nation, wounded the feelings of my countrymen deeply, I will not affect to deny, and that that act, with some of its logical consequences which have already occurred, has implanted in the breasts of many the suspicion that their kindred in England wish them evil rather than good; but the statesmen to whom the political interest of these two great people are confided, act upon higher responsibilities and with better lights, and you may rest assured that an event so mutually disastrous as a war between England and America cannot occur without some other and graver provocation than has yet been given by either nation.

WINFIELD SCOTT.

HOTEL WESTMINSTER, Paris, Dec. 2, 1861.
To ——— ———, Esq.

NEWS ITEMS.

GEN. JAMES H. LANE, of Kansas, has been tendered the position of Brigadier General by the President. He will accept it as soon as he can lay before the Judiciary Committee of the Senate additional evidence vindicating his right to a seat in that body, now contested. His command will embrace all the troops in Kansas. This appointment has been confirmed by the Senate.

THE late conflagration in Charleston is still attributed to the incendiarism or carelessness of a band of negroes, who lived in a shed adjoining the building where it first broke out. The Charleston Courier says that the entire male and female portion of the slaves worked most earnestly to subdue the flames. The panic was awful, and thousands of houseless families filled the streets. The Charleston Courier gives a list of over 200 sufferers, and estimates the loss at over $3,000,000. The Mercury says that 576 buildings were destroyed, including five churches. The rebel Congress appropriated $250,000 in aid of the sufferers.

IT has been determined to change the color of the pantaloons worn by the artillery, cavalry and infantry of the United States from the dark blue color to the light or sky blue worn by them a few years ago.

THE Ship Monticello, which was overhauled by the privateer Sumter, was ransomed by the payment of $20,000.

TYBEE ISLAND is occupied by 1,000 Federal troops, supported by a sloop-of-war and several gunboats, and the position will be fortified at once.

IN view of the warlike news from England, Gov. Curtin is urging the national government to extend to the defence of Philadelphia, and will call the attention of the Legislature to the subject.

IMMEDIATELY upon the arrival of the Europa at Halifax, a British steam sloop-of-war was dispatched thence to the Admiral in command of the British North American squadron.

A COMPLETE telegraphic communication, exclusively for government uses, now extends from Alexandria, Va., to Hagerstown, Md., including all the camps on the Virginia shore of the Potomac, the War Department, and the camps under Gen. Banks and Stone's command in Maryland.

THE Charleston Courier has a report from Beaufort, S. C., that the Union troops had advanced across Port Royal Ferry to the mainland and destroyed several rebel rifle pits.

THE U. S. forces in Kentucky include sixty-five regiments. The main army is within a short distance of Bowling Green. Ten thousand men were sent from Indiana within ten days.

THE Congressional investigating committee's report reflects severely on the Secretary of the Navy, Secretary of War, Marshal Lamon, and other parties.

THE pretence that we ought to have taken the Trent into port, and had her condemned by a prize court, in order to justify our seizure of four of her passengers, furnishes a very narrow basis on which to found a serious controversy between two great nations.—Stated in other words, an offence would have been less if it had been greater. The wrong done to the British flag would have been mitigated if, instead of seizing the four rebels, we had seized the ship, detained all her passengers for weeks, and confiscated her cargo. I am not surprised that Captain Wilkes took a different view of his duty, and of the case was due to the friendly relations which subsisted between the two governments. The renowned common sense of the English people, I believe, will approve of his efforts to make the discharge of a very unpleasant duty as little vexatious as possible to all innocent parties.

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WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The Flour market was quite active early in the week. The week's sales reach 11@12,000 bbls, at $5,25@5.60 for common western and Pennsylvania superfine, which is comparatively scarce; $5.62½@5.87½ for extras, and $6@6,25 for extra family, the latter for selected brands. The bulk of the sales were of good western family flour for shipment at $6 ⅌ bbl, including several lots of fine flour at $5,25, and 1200 bbls city mills extra family, part private and part at $7 for Jenny Lind. Rye Flour comes in slowly, and about 400 bbls found buyers, mostly in small lots, at 4 ⅌ bbl. Corn Meal is scarce, with sales of 600 bbls Pennsylvania meal to note at $3 ⅌ bbl, which is an advance. Buckwheat Meal is dull, and selling at $1,75@2 the 100 lbs, as to lots.

GRAIN—The offerings of Wheat are moderate and lower; sales of about 50,000 bush, at $1,32@ 1,35 for prime western and Pennsylvania reds; $1,52@1,55 for southern do, closing dull at the latter rate. White ranges from $1,45@1,50 as to quality, the latter for prime Kentucky. Rye has been more active, with sales of 15,000 bus, mostly Pennsylvania, at 70c to go out of the market, including several lots taken at 75@ 75c, and southern at 70c. Corn is coming in more freely, and the demand for fine dry new yellow is better, with sales of 30,000 bus at 58@ 60c as to condition, the latter for dry lots afloat, including old and new mixed at 58@59c; about 3,000 bus old also sold at 62@62½c. Oats are dull, about 40,000 bus have been disposed of during the week at 40c for Delaware, and 40@41c for Pennsylvania, the latter for prime new Pennsylvania, with occasional sales at 42@42½c. Of Barley malt sales are reported on terms kept private. White Beans are arriving and selling at $2@2,25 ⅌ bus.

PROVISIONS—There is very little movement. Mess Pork is selling in lots as wanted at $12,50@ 13 ⅌ bbl. 200 bbls city sold at the latter rate. Beef is steady at $13@14 for City Mess. Bacon moves off slowly at 6@6c for Hams, 4½@4½c for Shoulders, and 5½@6c for Sides. Of Green Meats the sales are limited and prices about the same. Lard is inactive, and quoted at 7½@8c for Kegs and tcs, and 9@9½c for kegs, with sales of 1000 pkgs at those rates. Butter—Roll moves off less freely at 15@16c, and packed is quiet at 9@10c, as in quality. Cheese—No change, and the sales moderate at 7½@8½c ⅌ lb. Eggs are lower, and selling at 18c ⅌ doz.

COTTON—The market has been somewhat unsettled by the foreign news, but holders are very firm in their demands, and some 900 bales have been disposed of during the week, the offerings being very light at prices within the range of 32c@38c, cash, as in quality, the latter for good middlings.

ASHES meet with a fair demand, and for Pots prices are better.

BARK comes in slowly, and about 70 hhds 1st No 1 Quercitron found buyers early in the week at $29, being an advance on previous sales, at which rate it is now held, but very quiet. Tanners' Bark is also quiet and prices about the same.

BEESWAX continues scarce and in demand at 30@33c ⅌ lb.

COAL—The stock is light for the season and holders very firm in their views, but there is not much doing except to supply the home trade, the season for shipment East being nearly over.

COFFEE continues scarce and on the advance; the only noticeable feature is the auction sale of about 3000 bags Rio, a prize cargo, at prices ranging from 17¾ to 18¾c, cash, averaging 17¾c, establishing an advance of ¼@½c on the rates current last week; some 3000 bags have also been taken by private contract, mostly from second hands at 17¾@18¾c for Rio, and 20c for Laguayra, on the usual terms, which is now held higher.

COPPER is more active, and holders are asking an advance on previous quotations. Yellow Metal is also better, and selling at 23c, on time.

FEATHERS continue dull, with further sales of Western at 36@38c ⅌ lb.

FRUIT—Green Apples selling at $6@7@4, and Cranberries at 8@9 ⅌ bbl. In dried fruit the sales are moderate at 4@6c for Apples, and 6@8c for Unpeared Peaches.

HAY is in steady demand, Timothy selling at from 80 to 70c ⅌ 100 lbs.

HEMP—There is very little stock in first hands, and no sales have come under our notice, the market, however, is firm.

HOPS are in fair demand, with further sales of good Eastern and Western at 30@32c ⅌ lb.

IRON—There is more firmness in the market for this staple, and more doing in the way of sales; about 3000 tons Anthracite Pig Metal No 1 sold at $19@20, mostly at the former rate, cash. In manufactured iron business is also more active, common American Bars selling at $45, and refined do at $55, 6 mos. Rails are worth $40 net, cash.

LEAD is active at a further improvement, but there is no stock here out of the hands of the manufacturers, and Pig is quoted 4½@4¾c the 100 lbs.

LUMBER is unchanged, but the native season is nearly over, and we have only to note a sale of about 100,000 feet Yellow Pine Boards at $14 ⅌ M.

MOLASSES is firmer, but rather quiet, with further sales of Cuba at full prices, including a cargo of Cardenas at 33c, on time.

PLASTER—There is little or none offering or selling, and we quote soft nominally at $2,25 ⅌ ton.

RICE is firmer, but the sales are limited at 6½@7c, and the stock very light.

SEEDS—The demand for Cloverseed has fallen off, and at the close prices are nearly nominal at $4,50@4,75 ⅌ bus, at which rates about 1000 bus have been disposed of, in lots. Of Timothy 100 bus prime sold at $2,30 ⅌ bus. Buyers offer less. Flaxseed is scarce and wanted, at a further advance, with sales at $2,05@2,10 ⅌ bus.

SPIRITS—Foreign is firmer under the news published with this week's mail, and is tending upward, but with very little doing in the way of sales. No change in Rum, and we quote N E at 50@52c. Whisky is also moving at 22c for lots as wanted at 20@21c, mostly at 20½c for Ohio, and Drudge at 19½c; hhds continue scarce.

SUGAR—The market is quiet, owing to the firmness of holders, and only some 400 hhds, mostly Cuba, have been disposed of at 7½@8½c, on time.

TALLOW remains unchanged, but very quiet, city selling as wanted at 9¼@9½c, and country at 8½@8¾c.

TOBACCO is firm, but quiet at the advanced rates now current, and the stock of both Leaf and Manufactured is nearly all out of first hands.

WOOL—The market is active and on the advance, and the sales large at prices within the range of 35@38c, the latter for Kersey wools. Of foreign the sales have also been large, at from 25c to 45c, now held higher; fine fleece is more inquired for, and firm at 50@55c ⅌ lb.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1570 head. The prices realized were from 7 to 8¼ cts ⅌ lb. 72 Cows brought from $25 to 40 ⅌ head. 3000 Sheep were sold at from $7 to 8 ⅌ cwt net. 3000 Hogs sold at from $4,50 to 5,00 ⅌ cwt.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. P. S. Henson, RICHARD SATTERTHWAITE, to SALLIE E. only daughter of Alice G. Davis, Esq, both of this city.

On Tuesday, Dec. 17th, by the Rev. J. P. Hammond, JAMES S. CHAMBERS, to ANNIE E. GASKINS, both of this city.

On Tuesday evening, Dec. 17, 1861, by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, Mr. B. FRANKLIN DENNISON, to Miss MARGARET A. daughter of Mr. Davis, Esq.

On the 19th instant, by the Rev. R. B. Yard, D. D., L. L. D., WILLIAM SHOWELL, Jr. of St. Martin, Md. to NANCY MYERS, youngest daughter of the late James Le Fevre, all this city.

On the 10th of Dec., 1861, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. SAMSON MCDOWELL, to Miss ANN BURN, both of this city.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. M. H. Sisty, Mr. CHARLES S. WOLLARD, to Miss MARIA BUCHER, both of Bristol, Bucks county, Pa.

On the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. Robt. Barne, FRANKLIN ASHORN, to MARY KIRKPATRICK, both of this city.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. John Walter Jackson, SAMUEL INMAN, to Miss ABIGAIL B JOHNSON.

On the 15th instant, by the Rev. F. Coombe, JOHN A. POTTER, to LOUISA MCCALLISTER, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Tuesday evening, the 17th instant, AARON CLEMENT.

On Wednesday morning, Dec. 18th, THOMAS C. HERRING.

On Wednesday afternoon, the 18th instant, MARY ANN K. wife of Capt. S. MOORE.

On Monday, 16th instant, JOSEPH M. THOMAS, late bookseller, of this city, in his 57th year.

On Sunday, 17th instant, REBECCA A. wife of Jacob M. Cook, in her 43d year.

On the afternoon of the 16th instant, ELLEN C. wife of Geo. C. Johnson, in her 41st year.

On the 16th instant, Mr. JOSEPH ROBINSON, in his 27th year.

On the 16th instant, JAMES ROGERS, in his 24th year.

On the 17th instant, SARAH SCANLAN, daughter of Margaret and the late John Scanlan, in her 21st year.

On Saturday evening, Dec. 14th, at German town, Mrs. SARAH ANN, wife of Mr. Alexander Hewitt.

On Friday morning, 13th instant, FRANKLIN LEE, in his 56th year.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS.

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Philadelphia, December 21, 1861.

Alabama	50 dis.	Missouri	25 dis.
Canada	1 dis.	Nebraska	1 dis.
Connecticut	1 dis.	New Brunswick	10 dis.
Delaware	1 dis.	New Hampshire	1 dis.
Dist. of Columbia	1 dis.	New Jersey	par to 1 dis.
Florida	10 dis.	New York City	par
Georgia	50 dis.	New York State	1 dis.
Illinois	5 to 10 dis.	North Carolina	10 dis.
Indiana	1 to 2½ dis.	Nova Scotia	10 dis.
Iowa	2 dis.	Ohio	1 dis.
Kansas		Pennsylvania	par to 1 dis.
Kentucky	2 dis.	Rhode Island	1 dis.
Louisiana	30 dis.	South Carolina	50 dis.
Maine	2 dis.	Tennessee	60 dis.
Maryland	1 to 2 dis.	Texas	
Massachusetts	1 dis.	Vermont	1 dis.
Michigan	10 dis.	Virginia	5 to 10 dis.
Minnesota		Wisconsin	5 to 75 dis.
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CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

The singing of Christmas carols is a very ancient custom, coeval, perhaps, with the celebration of the feast. Carols were of two kinds—devotional and secular. The first referred to the nativity; the second were incentives to mirth. A few specimens may be given. Here we have one of a narrative description:—

"As Joseph was walking,
He heard an angel sing—
'This night shall be born
Our heavenly King.

"'He neither shall be born
In house nor in hall,
Nor in the place of Paradise,
But in an ox's stall.

"'He neither shall be robed
In silver nor in gold,
But in a wooden cradle
That rocks on the mould!'"

And here is one that is musical in its reiterations:—

"And all the bells on earth shall ring
On Christmas-day, on Christmas-day;
And all the bells on earth shall ring
On Christmas-day in the morning.
And all the angels in Heaven shall sing
On Christmas-day, on Christmas-day;
And all the angels in Heaven shall sing
On Christmas-day in the morning.

And here is another, of a more modern and more elegant description:—

"Still the glad song, of old begun,
Thy Church unceasing sings,
To Thee, of righteousness the Sun,
With healing in thy wings.

"Accept the song in Heav'n, Thy height,
And bless the festal lay,
Which thus to Thee, true Light of lights,
And God of gods, we pray!"

Among the merry-making carols we may notice the following:—

"Come, bring with a noise,
My merry, merry boys,
The Christmas log to the firing;
While my good dame, she
Bids you all be free,
And drink to your heart's desiring."

Again:—

"Lo! now is come our joyful feast,
Let every man be jolly;
Each room with ivy leaves is drest,
And every post with holly.

"Now all our neighbors' chimneys smoke,
And Christmas blocks are burning,
Their ovens they with bak'd meats choke,
And all their spits are turning."

And again:—

"Observe how the chimneys
Do smoke all about,
The cooks are preparing
For dinner, no doubt;
But those on whose tables
No victuals appear,
Oh, may they keep Lent
All the rest of the year!"

Christmas songs are still sung, and will be as long as we celebrate Christmas; but Christmas carols in the olden style, are only to be heard from shrill-voiced balladsingers in the streets. By them, indeed, we are still accosted with the old familiar words:—

"God rest you, merry gentlemen,
May nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour,
Was born upon this day."

We close with the fine verses by Bishop Heber:—

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Brightest and best of the Sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our blessed Redeemer is laid.

Cold on his cradle the dewdrops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him, in slumber reclining—
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all!

Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors from Edom, or offerings divine?
Gems from the mountain, or pearls from the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration—
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor!

MAD DOGS.—All who are in charge of a dog may, by a little attention, discover the early symptoms of rabies, and prevent any mischief by sequestrating the animal in time. Is he fidgetty and sullen? Does he, when ill, manifest importunate affection? Is he affected with hallucination? Does he exhibit ardent thirst? Does he scratch his ear violently? Does he paw the corners of the mouth, and not keep the mouth permanently open while doing so? Does he misconduct himself in the room, and pertinaciously lick at the corners where he has done so? Does he refuse his natural food, and exhibit a depraved appetite? Is he insensible to pain? Is his voice strangely altered? Any one of these symptoms should awaken suspicion, and a close observation will then quickly discover the true state of the case. We advise all our readers to commit these symptoms to memory—to learn them as a lesson is learned, which in after life may be of paramount importance.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

☞ REALLY VERY AWKWARD.—When a young lady is caught in a shower, and accepts part of a handsome gentleman's umbrella, it is very provoking to pass a doorway where Alfred is taking shelter; and very unreasonable of him to be sulky for a month afterwards.

☞ Happiness, it has been well observed, is in the proportion of the number of things we love, and the number of things that love us.

"HE GAMBLES."

A writer who signs himself "Invisible," is contributing "Sketches of a Tour Through Dixie's Land," to the Cincinnati Dollar Weekly. He thus relates an incident of a trip from Memphis to New Orleans:—

At Grand Junction, Mississippi, fifty miles from Memphis, I took the train going South, on the trunk line leading to New Orleans; sought the sleeping car, and was soon in a recumbent position, curtained in, and ready for a night's rest. Two respectable-looking young women, who entered the car a moment after, seated themselves near my berth, and entered promptly into conversation with another passenger. Upon learning that he was a merchant from New Orleans, the eldest stated that she also resided in the city, and asked him—

"Do you know Mr. Powers, of New Orleans?"

"Powers, Powers," pondered the merchant. "What does he do?"

"Gambles," was the cool response.

"Bless me, no! What do you know about a gambler?"

"He's my husband," answered the undaunted female, with ingenuous promptness.

"What! your husband a gambler?"

"Yes, sir; they are the best men in the world, too!"

"I didn't know they ever married. I should like to see a gambler's wife."

"Well, sir, take a mighty good look, for you see one now."

So the merchant opened the curtains into their compartment, and regarded the speaker with some curiosity, who was a young, rosy, and not ill-looking woman, with blue eyes and brown hair, and dressed in plain black silk. The scrutiny was apparently interesting, for he added—

"I should like to know your husband, madam."

"Well, sir, if you've got plenty of money, he'll be glad to make *your* acquaintance."

"Does he ever come home?"

"Lord bless you, yes; he deals faro every night till ten o'clock, and then *always* comes home. He has not missed a single night since we were married—going on five years. We own a farm up near here, in this State, and if he does well this year, we shall settle on it in the fall, and never live in the city again."

And soon after, the voluble matron and her sister retired for the night, leaving the merchant somewhat mystified, and the writer a good deal diverted by the amusing colloquy.

Wit and Humor.

EXCUSES FOR USING TOBACCO.

In one of our neighboring towns the lads of a school acquired the habit of smoking, and resorted to the most ingenious methods to conceal the vice from the master. In this they were successful until one evening, when the master caught them at it, and stood before them in awful dignity.

"How now?" shouted the master to the first lad, "how dare you be smoking tobacco?"

"Sir," said the boy, "I am subject to head aches, and a pipe takes off the pain."

"And you? and you? and you?" inquired the pedagogue, questioning every boy in his turn.

One had a "raging tooth;" another "cholic;" the third a "cough;" in short, they all had something.

"Now, sirrah," bellowed the master to the last boy, "what disorder do you smoke for?"

Alas! all the excuses were exhausted; but the interrogated urchin, putting down his pipe, after a farewell whiff, and looking up in his master's face, said, in a whining, hypocritical tone—

"Sir, I smokes for corns!"

A NEW DISH.—A gentleman, whose knowledge of the French was limited to a few words, and who was ignorant of the meaning even of those, called in at one of our French restaraunts a few days since for his dinner. "Vat vill you have, sare?" said the attentive French waiter. "I'll take some of that—that—what do you call it? same as I had yesterday—some French dish or other." "I do not recollect, sare, vat you did have day before dis." "Oh, some fried dish—let's see a fried *fille de chambre*—I believe that's what they call it." The poor waiter shrugged his shoulders, and put on a look of perfect astonishment when his customer called for a fried chambermaid.

QUALIFIED IN ONE RESPECT FOR PRIESTHOOD.—"In one respect at least," said Dr. Spooner to a person everlastingly speaking about himself, who had for near fifty years growled about the world overlooking his merits: "In one respect, at least, you are qualified to be President of the United States, and all will admit this."

"Thank you, doctor," responded the bore, much mollified; "but what particular qualification may that be?"

"Why, you are old enough," said the doctor, turning on his heel.

SCENE IN DIXIE.—*Sympathetic Husband*—"What's the matter, dear; you look quite forlorn?"

Wife—"Matter, George! matter enough to make any woman look forlorn. Your stupid Secession has kept me away from Newport and Saratoga. I haven't a dress that I haven't worn at least six times. I have only half an ounce of cologne left, and only one pair of shoes left, and—and (bursting into tears) I know the winter bonnets are out in New York—and—and—I can't even get to see one."

☞ WAY OF THE WORLD.—If the speculator misses his aim, everybody cries out—"He's a fool," and sometimes, "He's a rogue." If he succeed, they besiege his door, and demand his daughter in marriage.

NURSE.—"Well, Master Walter, I don't know who you take your temper from. I am sure you don't take after your mother!"

YOUNG HOPEFUL.—"My mother! A man does not take after his mother—a man takes after his father!"

THE BISHOP AND THE PRIEST.

Dr. Doyle was aware of the restraint which his presence occasioned among those who knew him but slightly; and, when present at visitation dinners, he would often retire almost immediately after the removal of the cloth, observing to some friend, "As long as I remain these gentlemen won't enjoy themselves."

While on a visitation in the county Kildare, Dr. Doyle was invited to dine with a parish priest, who delayed dinner much beyond the appointed hour. The Bishop's constitution was not strong, and he waxed impatient for the "flesh pots." Several clerical guests had yet to arrive; but rather than delay his lordship, the host ordere ddinner. The Priests dropped in one by one, and guessing how matters stood, sat down at the lower end of the table, leaving a wide berth to the Bishop. No one had courage to sit near his lordship, until the late parish Priest of Arles (the Father Prout of the diocese) marched boldly in, and, undismayed by the frigid manner of the prelate, took his seat so close as to touch him.

There was no recognition, or word of greeting. The Bishop slowly moved his knife and fork, while Father H——, with the utmost nonchalance, kept calling loudly for every viand upon the table. At length he accosted Dr. Doyle—

"What news, my lord?"

"None, sir," replied the Bishop, awfully.

"Who preached to-day, my lord?" continued Father H——, not a bit abashed.

"I preached myself," was the reply.

"That's more than St. Paul did, my lord," rejoined the loquacious Priest; "he preached Christ crucified, but you have preached yourself."

His lordship did not deign to smile, so the laughter, ready to burst forth if the Bishop led the way, was checked.—*Life of Dr. Doyle, Bishop of Kildare.*

NOT MAKING, BUT SAVING.—It is not the money that a man earns, but the money that he saves, which enriches him. Anybody may acquire wealth who will remember to act upon this principle. The facility with which money can be gained by industry, in this country, is very great when compared to the facilities for gaining it, generally, abroad; but we are an extravagant people, and we expend our earnings with a commensurate prodigality. Those who do not, but practice self-restraint and a careful economy, invariably grow rich. They cannot well avoid it. Money makes money. The first thousand dollars soon creates more thousands; and, if you will only compute it, you will be surprised to discover how soon you have expended that thousand upon purchases by no means indespensable to either your comfort or your happiness.

A QUEER SERMON.—The following quotation from a well-known sermon by J. Burgess, entitled, "Beelzebub Driving and Drowning his Hogs," is given in the Eclectic Magazine for July:

In these words the devil verified three old English proverbs, which, as they contain the general drift of my text, shall also contain the substance of this ensuing discourse. 1. The devil will play at small game rather than at no game at all. "All the devils besought him, saying, send us into the swine." 2. They run fast whom the devil drives. "When the unclean spirits entered into the swine," 'tis said, "the whole herd ran violently." 3. The devil brings his pigs to a fine market.—"Behold the whole herd ran down a steep place and were choked."

BYRON TAMPERING WITH HOLY WRIT.—An eminent publisher has in his possession a curious relic of Lord Byron. It is a handsomely bound Bible, which the noble poet presented to the gentleman's father, also a publisher, having first written on the fly-leaf his name, with the text, "Search the Scriptures, for they are they which testify of me." Mr. ——— was a little surprised at receiving such a present from the author of "Don Juan," but the mystery was cleared up when he found that in the sentence, "Now, Barabbas was a robber," Lord Byron had carefully erased the last word, and substituted in its place the word "publisher." The joke was elaborate, but not the less characteristic on that account.

☞ The mariner's compass has done some of the most important needlework in the world.

PARIS FASHIONS.

The following extracts from the letter of an American lady in Paris have been furnished a contemporary for publication:—

"You ask about French fashions. Paris fashions are the same as the *good* American ones. There is not a bit of difference, even in the bonnets, and everything here is dearer than in the dearest times at home. I am wearing, this fall, a bonnet which I purchased to travel in from America. I have changed the trimming, and you would never know it had not just been bought for a common hat in the Rue de la Paix, for the shape is exactly what they wear here.

"As for my American dresses, none that I have are more admired than they, and I have worn them without alteration. Miss D——, the ambassador's daughter, alternates her home clothes with her Parisian ones, and they are equally pretty. Any stylish dressmaker in Boston will show you dresses which would be as elegant and fashionable here, as any which could be found in the expensive salons of Mesdames Vignon and Roget.

"The most striking difference is in the simplicity of the street costumes, which are always considered doubtful if the least showy or marked. Young girls wear, even in full dress, no laces or jewels, nor rich silks or velvets, but always, to parties, tarletans, tulles and muslins. Nothing, on the other hand, is too rich for a married lady, *in the house*, or for carriage toilette; but if you see a rich silk dress sweeping the street, or a velvet cloak and a gay bonnet, you say at once 'it's a newly arrived American, or some one of doubtful position.'"

MONEY—HOW TO KEEP IT.—The way to keep money is to earn it fairly and honestly. Money so obtained is pretty certain to abide with its possessor. But money that is inherited, or that in any way comes without a fair and just equivalent, is almost as certain to go as it came. The young man who begins by saving a few shillings, and thriftily increases his store—every coin being a representative of good, solid work, honestly and manfully done—stands a better chance to spend the last half of his life in affluence and comfort than he who, in his haste to become rich, obtains money by dashing speculations, or the devious means which abound in the foggy region lying between fair dealing and actual fraud. Among the wisest and most thrifty men of wealth, the current proverb is, "Money goes as it comes." Let the young make a note of this, and see that their money comes fairly, that it may long abide with them.

☞ THOUSANDTH ANNIVERSARY.—Next year will be the thousandth anniversary of the foundation of the Russian Empire; and it is stated that the Russians intend to celebrate the occasion with one of their grand national religious festivals. The spectacle at St. Petersburg and Moscow will doubtless be very magnificent, and the manumission of the serfs will give it a peculiar significance.

Useful Receipts.

QUINCES FOR THE TEA-TABLE.—An exchange says:—Bake ripe quinces thoroughly, and when cold, strip off the skins, place them in a glass dish, and sprinkle with white sugar, and serve with cream. They make a fine dish for the tea-table.

PAINTING A ROOM.—Get a painter to mix the quantity of paint required. Purchase such a brush as is sold for twenty cents; have the surface you intend painting thoroughly cleansed from grease or spots; stir the paint well, and you can proceed. There is very little labor in this, and often may be done to advantage by a woman. If much of a job is undertaken, it is needful to have oil and turpentine added.

ECONOMICAL PAINT.—Skim milk 2 quarts, fresh slacked lime 8 oz., linseed oil 6 oz., white burgundy pitch 2 oz., Spanish white 3 lbs. The lime to be slacked in water, exposed to the air, mixed in one-fourth of the milk: the oil in which the pitch is previously dissolved, to be added a little at a time; then the rest of the milk, and afterwards the Spanish white. This quantity is sufficient for 27 square yards, 2 coats, and the expense not more than 25 cents.

JUMBLES.—1 pound flour, ½ butter, ½ sugar, whites of 4 eggs well beaten, rose-water.—Bake ½ an hour in a slow oven.

Agricultural.

WINTERING CABBAGE.

The cabbage is a most wholesome food for man, and furnishes a green fodder for cows, equal at least to turnips or carrots, fattening them fully as fast, as well as being favorable to the production of milk. It can be wintered with little expense and trouble, and keeping later in the spring, supplies green food when no other fresh vegetables can be obtained. For these and numerous other reasons, large quantities should be stored away for winter use. By the following method they can be preserved frequently as late as the first of May: Dig shallow trenches in a dry part of the garden—say two feet apart—in which *plant* the cabbages (which must be carefully taken from their beds with all the roots) pretty closely; then erect over them a low scaffolding, the posts being two feet from the ground, let it be a little higher in the middle to carry off the water, and cover with straw or cornfodder, butts down. This costs little labor or skill, and will give you cabbage through the winter and spring about as fresh and good as in October. The freezing of cabbages does not injure them materially, provided the frost is drawn from them gradually. This mode is preferable to depositing them in a cellar, unless it is dry and airy—not often the case. Warm cellars cause them to decay, and fill the rooms above with an unpleasant as well as an unhealthy odor. L. Bartlett describes a method of preserving cabbages, which he has pursued successfully for several years. He cuts off the stems, removes the loose outer leaves, and packs the heads in boxes or barrels, with damp moss, such as is used by nursery-men in packing trees, roots, shrubbery, etc. These he keeps in the house-cellar until March, and in an out-door cellar until late in the spring. In the winter of 1859, he placed boxes so filled in his barn, and when frozen, slightly covered them with straw, where they remained partially frozen until April without rotting or smelling. When wanted for use, he places a head in water an hour or two before boiling, when it appears nearly as fresh as when removed from the ground in November.

RABBIT BREEDING IN FRANCE.

The *Aigle du Midi* states that a farmer named Pinel, of Revel, in the Department of Haut-Garonne, has lately commenced breeding rabbits on an extensive scale for consumption, and that he expects the operation to be successful in a commercial point of view. In the space of five months, from May last, he, with 50 female and 5 male rabbits, obtained 1,300 young, and he now intends to have 200 females. By allowing these latter to produce only every two months, instead of every month, as they can do, he calculates that he can procure 500 rabbits a month, or 6,000 a year. He has constructed a large shed, 30 metres long by 20 wide and 40 high, and in it are 140 compartments, of which 10 are set apart for young rabbits separated from their dams, 14 for the adults, 12 for the males, and the rest for doe rabbits, and other purposes. Pinel makes this calculation: out of 270 rabbits born every month, the average number of deaths is 12, so that there remain for sale 258, which can disposed of for 1f. 10c. each, making 283f. 80c., or 3,405f. 60c. a year. This sum is increased to 4 653f. 60c. by the sale of the manure. The expense of producing 258 rabbits is estimated at 1,372f., so that a clear profit remains of 3,281f. 60c. As rabbits can be fed in great part on the refuse of the farm-house and farm-yard, it is thought that peasants might, like Pinel, breed them with advantage.

GRAFTING THE GRAPE.—The Germantown Telegraph says:—The grape can be grafted with as much certainty as the cherry, plum, apple or pear, and just in the same way, except that the operation has to be performed as low down as possible, and the whole then lightly covered up with soil. It can be performed, too, at any time in March or April, like other grafting. There is not the least secret about it. Therefore, those who have old grape vines of any kind, can graft them with the best varieties, provided the grafts can be procured. For the Delaware grape especially, which is so slow of growth, and never ought to be allowed to grow upon its own roots, grafting is particularly adapted, and we trust it will be resorted to generally, by those who desire fruit early, as well as to save expense.

EXPORTS.—A New York correspondent writes:—"The export of provisions from this port continues to be immense. I was quite surprised on visiting the wharf where the City of New York lay, the other day, to see the vast quantity of cheese that was awaiting shipment, and could scarcely believe that during ten months of the year there have been exported over twenty-six millions of pounds! During the same period last year it only amounted to six millions. Fifteen million pounds of butter have been exported this year, against two millions last year. Last week, 1,767,651 bushels of grain, and 60,062 barrels of flour left here for Europe.

SHEEP.—The question is often asked, "Do sheep require water in winter when having access to snow?" They do, most certainly. In my judgment, water is as essential to sheep as to any other animal. They will go through the winter on snow instead of water, and so would a man or a horse, if compelled by necessity to do so; but no one, I think, would argue that it would not be better to have it thawed before using it. The fluids of the system must be supplied, and pure water is the best source from whence to supply them. —*Boston Cultivator.*

HEATH IN AMERICA.—At one of the weekly exhibitions of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society last summer, Mr. C. M. Hovey presented a fine specimen of heath, to which was attached a label stating that it was found growing naturally within twenty miles of Boston. The plant attracted much attention.

The Riddler.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 32 letters.

My 1, 13, 17, 30, 21, is a town in Switzerland.
My 2, 23, 9, 20, is a county in Ohio.
My 3, 1, 12, 26, is a river in Spain.
My 4, 22, 25, 11, 10, is a river in Russia.
My 5, 26, 30, 8, 18, is a county in Michigan.
My 6, 17, 23, 7, is a town in Ohio.
My 7, 28, 1, 14, is a county in California.
My 8, 20, 13, 23, is a lake in Italy.
My 9, 18, 25, 15, is a river in New Mexico.
My 10, 7, 17, is a town in Scotland.
My 11, 13, 20, 26, 14, is a town in Italy.
My 12, 22, 18, 30, 32, is county in Tennessee.
My 13, 17, 5, 3, is a town in Pennsylvania.
My 14, 25, 16, 9, is a range of mountains in Europe.
My 15, 26, 30, 19, 20, is a division of Africa.
My 16, 26, 9, 13, 7, is a county in Indiana.
My 17, 22, 28, 24, 30, is a town in France.
My 18, 26, 20, 15, 10, is a town in Sardinia.
My 19, 9, 25, 8, 16, is a town in New York.
My 20, 16, 22, 26, 30, is a river in Illinois.
My 21, 12, 19, 13, is a county in Ohio.
My 22, 2, 28, 17, 14, is a town in Bolivia.
My 23, 28, 30, 8, 25, is a town in Brazil.
My 24, 7, 32, 22, is a town in Africa.
My 25, 28, 25, 3, 10, is a river in Sweden.
My 26, 12, 32, 25, is a town in Russia.
My 27, 28, 21, 13, 30, 9, is a county in New York.
My 28, 16, 6, 26, 30, is a town in Massachusetts.
My 29, 6, 30, 10, is a mountain in Italy.
My 30, 13, 11, 2, 23, is a river in South America.
My 31, 18, 30, 15, 26, 30, is a town in Massachusetts.
My 32, 15, 23, 30, is a town in England.

My whole is an axiom to be remembered by public speakers.

Enon, Pa. A. DAVIS YOUNG.

DOUBLE REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Is a river in China.
Is a wooden pole of a pike.
Is a river of Asia.
Is a town in Florida.
Is a mount of the Himalayan Range.
Is a town in Italy.
Is a town in Russia.
Is a swamp in the southern part of the United States.
Is a pinch.
Is a county in California.
Is a country in Africa.
Is a power of Asia.
My finals form the name of a weekly paper.
My initials form the name of the editor.

SAMUEL LAIRD.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

From heaven I fall through, from earth I begin;
No lady alive can show such a skin;
I'm bright as an angel and light a feather,
But heavy and dark when you press me together.
Though candor and truth in my aspect I bear,
Yet many poor creatures I help to ensnare.
Though so much of heaven appears in my make;
The foulest impression I easily take.
My parent and I produce one another;
The mother the daughter, the daughter the mother.

Naples, Scott Co., Ill. J. SIMMONS.

CHARADE.

When my first is broken
It stands in need of my second;
My third makes part of every lady's dress.

TRIGONOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The base of a plane triangle is 156 rods; the sum of the other two sides is 260 rods, and the angles at the extremities of the base are as 1 to 2. Required—the other two sides of the triangle?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Five men, viz.: A, B, C, D, and E together bought a tract of land containing 300 acres; paying for the same $2,000. Namely, A paid $375; B paid $480; C paid $420; D paid $320; and E paid $405. They afterwards agreed to divide this land among themselves, and that each should take out the value of his purchase money in land. But as the land was of unequal value, getting better as it lay from east to west, A was to take his part from the east end at a certain price per acre; B should come in next at $1 per acre more than A; C at $1 per acre more than B; D at $1 per acre more than C; and E at $1 per acre more than D. How many acres did each get, and at what price? DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is an invalid cured by sea-bathing like a confined criminal? Ans.—Because he is sea-cured, (secured.)

☞ What Roman general do the ladies ask for in leap year? Ans.—Marius, (marry us.)

☞ Why is an infant like a diamond? Ans.—Because it is a dear little thing.

☞ Why is the letter U the gayest in the alphabet? Ans.—Because it is always in fun.

☞ When may a chair be said to dislike you? Ans.—When it can't bear you.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—Girard College of Philadelphia. RIDDLE—Fire.

I am astonished that the Geometrical Progression Question, furnished by Thomas and Henry, and published Oct. 12th has remained unanswered so long. The following rule will bring the answer to within less than a hair's breadth:—Divide the first hour's move by the difference between the first and second hour's move, and multiply the first hour's move by the quotient; the product will bring the answer to the question 18 miles; wanting only what the moving body will move the last hour of its movement, which is next to nothing, as it moves on continually. DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

Messrs. Editors:—I send you the answer to the Problem by W. H. F., published a few months ago. If the height of the steeple mentioned in the Problem be the *slant* height, the squirrel must walk 1258.834444 feet to get to the top of the steeple. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

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EVENING POST.

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VENING POST.
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J. SIMMONS.

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VENING POST.
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